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'Portrait of a Sculptor', by Thomas Couture (1815-1879), recently acquired by the Birmingham City Art Gallery. Part of the gallery destroyed during the war was reopened on April 22 by Princess Alexandra of Kent

In this number:

Pressure Groups in the United States (Stephen K. Bailey)

What Is Wrong with Germany? (Carl Amery)

The Annus Mirabilis of Flying (Charles Gibbs-Smith)

Politics and Pensions



Some people want a new pensions system run by the State. Others think we should be free to save and insure as we wish, with assurance companies or the State. Still others believe the State has no business to provide more than subsistence benefits. Where do we stand on these far-reaching issues?

(2)

"STANDING ON OUR OWN FEET" has not been possible for many old people who had little chance to save because wages were low or unemployment was widespread, or for others whose savings are diminished by inflation. For those who cannot provide the basic necessities of life for themselves, the State—which means the rest of us—has a duty to supply them. But over and above contributing to National Insurance benefits, every man should be free to put aside out of earnings as much or as little as he pleases towards his retirement or for any other purpose. *A life office enables him to become independent.*

The State benefit and the private pension both have their place in a free society. There is no case for a State monopoly that would deprive the public of the advantages which competition affords; destroy the opportunities for profit-sharing which mutual life assurance now provides; and disturb or perhaps endanger existing pension schemes under which *about 9 million men and women out of 23 million in employment are already building up pensions for themselves and their dependants.*

The Welfare State should be the partner, not the competitor, of private insurance. Over seventy years ago Herbert Spencer predicted that more State services would mean that "each generation is made less familiar with the attainment of desired ends by individual actions". Yet after the tragic insecurity of the nineteen-thirties our modern welfare arrangements are all to the good, provided each one of us pulls his weight. The life offices are upholding the sturdy independence on which the country's prosperity will always depend.

★

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DIARY OF A VOYAGER

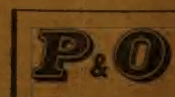


We sight the Rock

Soon after passing Trafalgar, we sighted Gibraltar on our port side—strong, magnificent sentinel guarding the nine-mile wide gate to the Mediterranean.

A fellow passenger aired his knowledge that the Greeks and Romans had called it Calpe or Alybe, that the eminence opposite on the African coast was Abyla, and that the two together formed the Pillars of Hercules of the Ancients. I jauntily added that the name Gibraltar was a corruption of Jebel Tariq, Jebel meaning Mount, and Tariq after Tariq ben Zaid who invaded Andalusia from Morocco in A.D. 711.

I thought of all the fighting the Rock had seen before and since Admiral Sir George Rooke took it for Britain in 1704—Moors, Spanish, French, all had had a go at it. Well, long may its Barbary Apes live and multiply; if they go, Legend says we lose it. But my faith in Britain banishes any worry on that score. Besides, who could wish for more blissful freedom from care and worry than a sea-voyage—or for deeper comfort and better service than voyaging P & O.



a Commonwealth lifeline

The Listener

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Thursday April 24 1958

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Pressure Groups in the United States

By STEPHEN K. BAILEY

ON December 7 last *The Economist* contained an article from one of its American correspondents, entitled 'Manipulated Democracy'. The story dealt with an extended competitive struggle between long-distance road hauliers and the east-coast railroads of America and, more particularly, with the pressure tactics used by the railroads to influence state legislatures and federal regulatory agencies against the hauliers.

It was not a pretty story. That it reflected what was by no means a unique occurrence in American politics raises the question of the place and the power of organised interests in American public life. The role of pressure groups in American politics is of direct consequence to the rest of the world. A critical battle, for example, is presently being waged in the United States over the issue of the tariff. The President has requested Congress to liberalise the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act and to extend it for another five years. Protectionist forces are bent on destroying the Act entirely. Liberalised trade is a corner-stone of any intelligent American foreign policy; but it is highly likely that intelligence will not win this particular battle. The President will be lucky if the Reciprocal Trade Act survives another year and even then in a weakened form.

From this distance one can only imagine the intensity of the struggle, and imagination in this case is almost certainly paler than the facts. Every trick in the box is being used by both sides. Master-centres are developing nation-wide strategies; doubtful Congressmen are being barraged by telephone, telegraph, and letters—ostensibly spontaneous expressions from back home; Congressmen are calling each other and swapping votes ('log-rolling' is the American term), clothes pegs for sugar beets, watches for oil, autos for textiles, whisky for cameras; lobbies are

lobbying each other; mayors and governors are being asked to telephone United States Senators and Representatives; and all relevant elected officials are being reminded of past or future campaign contributions by interested industrialists, labour leaders, farm groups, and other private interests. What does such a struggle suggest about the place and power of pressure groups in the United States?

Although there are what I consider to be evil pressure groups and evil means occasionally used by a variety of pressure groups, I cannot accept the popular contention that the existence of pressure groups *per se* is an evil. Actually pressure groups are both the inevitable product and the manifest evidence of a free society. In the United States they received Constitutional protection. The first Amendment to the Constitution guarantees, among other things, the right to petition the government for a redress of grievances. These are familiar and almost sacred words in the ears of an Anglo-Saxon. The constituent interests that asked Lords and Commons to swap revenue for redress in the days of the Lancastrians and Tudors were the forebears of modern pressure groups, both in England and America.

I do not wish to dwell on the history of pressure groups in the United States, except to say that they go back a long way. As one observer has pointed out, 'The first pressure group in America to gain immortality was that little gang of painted-up merchants who pushed the British tea into the salt water of Boston Harbour'. The successors to those Boston merchants, instead of dressing up in lincloths and feathers, now pay dues to a national tea council and hire a full-time staff to handle their pressure work for them.

The real argument is not about the existence of pressure groups but about their power. Is there something peculiar about the

American political system which has given pressure groups power in the formulation of public policy that they should not have? Has freedom for the many become licence for the powerful few? Is there a baldness and rawness of manifest greed in the United States which is absent in the United Kingdom? I am not sure that any of this is so, but I am certain that it looks so, and it is with the 'why-it-looks-so' that I wish to deal briefly.

An Irreverently Free Press

The first and obvious reason why pressure groups seem inordinately powerful in America is that we have an irreverently free press. Many newspaper columnists, for example, fill their columns with stories of pressure-group activities—stories compounded of fact and half-truths and interpretations. We are less bound than the British by libel laws and by less obvious restrictions of manners and good taste upon journalistic matter. Our journalistic conventions differ—except perhaps at the level of the tabloid, where in both our countries crime and sex crowd out information about public affairs. If, in Britain, an official of the National Farmers' Union should have a talk with an official of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries in an attempt to modify the application or interpretation of a rule dealing, for example, with livestock inspection, my impression is that no British newspaper would consider this news. In a similar situation in the United States an inside dopest-columnist might well write: 'The powerful lobby of the American Farm Bureau Federation flexed its muscles yesterday in the office of Jeremiah Hayseed, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, and demanded a go-easy policy on livestock inspection'.

Actually, since the days of the Muckrakers at the turn of the century, and more specifically since the teapot-dome scandal during the Harding regime in the early nineteen-twenties when a brilliant reporter, Paul Y. Anderson, exposed the graft of top government officials who had given in to bribes by powerful oil interests, at least a few American newspapers and journals of opinion have looked upon lobby exposures as part of their public responsibility. It is unfortunate that a more systematic and more balanced presentation of the lobbying problem does not come through. There are vast silences where there should not be; and far too much noise and distortion. But most politically literate Americans know from the newspapers that pressure groups are at work, and that a few of them at least work with vast resources and at times with a shoddy ethic.

The second reason why pressure-group activity is peculiarly visible in the United States is our Constitutional system of federalism and separation-of-powers. It is difficult to discourage a pressure group in America. If their legitimate demands or their importunities are ignored by the President, they repair to the Congress which, contrary to the British Parliament, has a vote distinguishable from that of the Executive; if the Congress is unresponsive, the pressure group may work up a Constitutional issue to be settled by the Supreme Court. If they lose in the Supreme Court, they may decide to try a state governor or a state legislature. They may be frozen out there, too, but by this time there has been a new national election, and a new and friendlier configuration of power may be observable in the United States Congress, or in a federal department or regulatory agency. So back they go to the federal level: and so on. There are, in short, a bewildering variety of pressure points in the American polity, and if a group loses at one point or level he shifts to another. It is difficult in these circumstances for a group activity to stay invisible.

No Buffers

A third, and extraordinarily important, reason for the visibility (or audibility) of pressure groups in America is the absence of strong national political parties which might perform the function of acting as a buffer between particular interests and public policy. It is possible, for example, that trade unions have far more 'pressure group' power in Britain than they have in America; but the existence of a Labour Party, with its own executive council responsible ultimately to an electorate which far transcends organised labour, gives the sense—at least to an outsider—that trade unions are here subordinate to, and judged by, a morally

superior or at least a more broadly oriented body. Although the national committees of both major parties in the United States are growing stronger, they are far from being conscious and consistent instruments of government which can muffle the direct voice of organised interests, and can hold President and Congress accountable to a consistent programme—even if the President and Congress happened to be controlled by the same political party.

In general, then, pressure groups work outside the parties in America. They tend, instead, to focus upon centres of power within the Congress, particularly congressional committees (what Woodrow Wilson once called 'disintegrate ministries'), and they focus upon centres of power in the bureaucracy. Finally, the fact that congressional committees hold public hearings on most important measures gives pressure groups an opportunity to put their position openly and with a chance to influence not only the Congressmen present but the public at large—since testimony on important bills is usually featured by the press. This again makes pressure groups highly visible.

Here, then, are some of the reasons why American pressure groups find it difficult or inexpedient to hide their light under a bushel. But this does not answer the question of their actual power. Are they, in fact, more powerful as well as being more visible than in the United Kingdom? The answer is probably yes, although we do not have as yet the complete story on how pressure groups work in this country. A unitary form of government with collective responsibility in the Cabinet and strong national parties tends to impose a kind of responsible control over pressure groups that we do not have in the United States. On the other hand the reverse may be true. It is at least possible that your pressure groups are more powerful and less responsible than ours because their activities are camouflaged by party respectability, ministerial secrecy, and a gentler press.

Valuable Services

But the very language I am using sets the issue in a warped frame; for pressure groups are the stuff of politics. I am tending to slip into the very frame of mind that I have implicitly condemned—an attitude that pressure groups are somehow inherently evil and undemocratic and parasitic. Actually, in the United States group interests perform a wide variety of extraordinarily valuable services—as, I am sure, they do in Britain: they make articulate the demands, grievances, and creative ideas of the many publics which comprise a democratic order, and often preclude festering pockets of social unrest and group frustration; they often provide to busy officials expert opinions on highly complex matters; they are mutually suspicious watch-dogs who sniff out each other's subtle importunities and make these visible to pre-occupied public officials and to the public at large; they serve as media for disseminating information about public issues to important segments of the community.

The real dangers of pressure-group activity in the United States are to be found in attempts to exert influence covertly, and to take advantage of the high cost of campaigning in order to subvert a legislator's better judgement. This last is often a subtle enterprise. Instead of withholding funds from a recalcitrant Congressman's campaign coffers, a lobbyist may simply give a large amount to the Congressman's opponent. Or, in safe districts, an unco-operative Congressman may find himself with an unexpected opponent in the primary elections or even in a run-off. In view of the tradition of candidate residency in the congressional district or State he represents, and in view of the weakness of any central party support, it is often easy to make an ambitious Congressman see the light without subjecting him to a violent struggle with his conscience.

Let us consider the tariff as an example. If a Congressman comes from a textile area, he looks at Japanese imports into the United States not as a boon to world peace but as grossly unfair competition working dire harm on the people of his district. The parade of images which the textile interests (management and labour alike) make sure crosses his mind includes a line of unemployed—his friends and neighbours who are being sacrificed on an altar of international economics too complex for the average citizen to understand. Surely one commodity will not make any

(continued on page 701)

The Satellites—III

Soviet Influence in Eastern Europe

By HUGH SETON-WATSON

IN the first twenty years or so after the Bolshevik Revolution the Soviet Union—or rather the myth of what the Soviet Union was supposed to be—had at times a rather strong influence on political thinking in eastern Europe. It was widely believed that the workers and peasants of Russia, having thrown off the yoke of the Tsars and the big landowners and the capitalists, were building up a new and just society.

Thus there was a good deal of general benevolence towards the Soviet Union in eastern Europe. It was strongest among those nations whose past history led them to think of the Russians as friends; that is, the Czechs, Slovaks, Yugoslavs, and Bulgarians. There was much less benevolence among Hungarians and Rumanians, who are not Slav nations and whose experience of Russia in the nineteenth century had not been happy. There was least of all among the Poles, who had been victims of Russian imperialism for a century and a half. It is thus no coincidence that between the world wars it was in Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria that Communist parties were strong. In Hungary the Communists were in power for a few months in 1919 when they formed a government, but when they were overthrown the party fizzled out. In Poland the Soviet military invasion of 1920 deprived the Communists of any hope they may have had of mass support. Rumania's Communist Party never had importance at all.

The appeal of Marxist ideas to intellectuals in the narrower sense was thinly but widely spread throughout eastern Europe. Of course, Marxism came to them in the first instance not from Russia but from Vienna or Berlin, before the first world war. One of the most eminent pupils of the Austrian Marxist theorists was the Hungarian, George Lukacs, who became a Communist in 1918. He spent the next twenty-five years in exile, largely in Russia, and came home to Hungary at the end of the second world war in the wake of the Soviet Army. Among eastern Europe's Marxist intellectuals were a number of Yugoslavs and Bulgarians, some Czechs but hardly any Poles or Rumanians.

In 1944 the Soviet Army invaded eastern Europe; the Soviet Union ceased to be a beautiful distant dream and became a hard and rather ugly reality. In Poland, a nation which had never ceased to resist German Nazi oppression found that the defeated Nazis were replaced by other conquerors, equally determined to destroy Polish culture and the Polish



A Russian tank in Budapest during Soviet intervention in the Hungarian uprising of 1956

national spirit. In Hungary and Rumania, defeated countries that had been on Hitler's side, the Soviet victors showed themselves simply as brutal conquerors. In Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia they stayed only a short time and behaved rather better: even so, the memories they left behind were something less than happy. They left the job of sovietising each country to the Communist parties, led by their own well-trained and devoted agents. The exception is Yugoslavia, where the Communists won their own war and from 1948 onwards refused to take orders from Moscow.

To many revolutionary intellectuals in the nineteen-twenties and

nineteen-thirties Marxism had been a thrilling revelation, suddenly illuminating past history and present troubles, pointing the way to action and liberty and justice. But now Marxism became just an official doctrine, a string of mumbo-jumbophrases endlessly repeated in the workshop and the school class-room, in the press, on the air, and in public speeches. Revolutionary thought was replaced by ritual incantations. Snatches of Marx's words were combined with ceremonial kowtows to the great Soviet Union and its infallible leader, the teacher of



Polish youths on trial in Poznan in 1956, accused of taking part in anti-Communist riots



'The Christian Churches' . . . have increased their influence not only on peasants but on city people too': worshippers in a church in Budapest last autumn

Anthony Rhodes

genius of all progressive humanity, the great Stalin. Independent thought was hampered and in certain fields suppressed altogether. Economics and sociology simply ceased to exist, history was reduced to a dim shadow of learning, literature consisted of crude Victorian moralising tracts. The veteran Marxist intellectuals, including the famous Lukacs himself, were bitterly disillusioned, and gave a lead to the younger generation who found this mental regimentation more and more intolerable.

The Communist regimes were very earnest about the education of the young. Between the world wars the east European governments had made a good deal of progress with schools and universities, but the pace was too slow for the people's needs and the content of the education left much to be desired. Children of workers and of the poorer peasants did not have good opportunities to rise. After 1945 the Communists threw the doors wide open. Hundreds of thousands of workers' and peasants' sons and daughters received an education. Certainly the content and the

quality were still poor, but the opportunities of acquiring skills and making careers were real. The Communists were proud of what they had achieved. Naturally they hoped that this new generation of educated children of the people—or, as they called it, 'toiling intelligentsia'—would be their most loyal supporters, the brains of totalitarianism. But they were disappointed. The younger generation saw through the smoke-screen of party slogans. They became aware of the sufferings of the people under Stalinism, as the intellectuals of the nineteen-thirties had become aware of the people's sufferings under fascism. The new toiling intelligentsia became the leaders of the people in revolt, the brains not of totalitarianism but of the struggle for liberty. This was most clearly shown in Hungary and Poland in 1956, but in both Rumania and Czechoslovakia it was among the educated youth that the first stirrings of revolt were seen, and in Bulgaria there has recently been criticism of the regime by the writers.

To sum up, the reaction of intellectuals to the Soviet impact has been essentially negative. The Hungarians showed their minds most clearly, and

Khrushchev, Stalin's supposed liberal successor, answered them with tanks and hangmen. Throughout eastern Europe national independence is preferred to colonial status under Moscow. The Christian Churches, Catholic and Orthodox, have retained or even increased their influence not only on peasants but on city people too. But there is no desire to return to the past. The Communists claim that if they fell, fascism would result. The free expression of political ideas during the week of Hungarian liberty in 1956 showed that this is nonsense. Nobody wants the fascists back. But the social reforms of the nineteen-forties—land reform, nationalisation of large-scale industry, social services—are accepted by the majority. 'Socialism', in fact, is a word which in eastern Europe still has a positive value. But the Communists can take small comfort from this. For any Hungarian, Rumanian, Czech, or Pole who thinks seriously about socialism knows that the first essential condition for achieving socialism in his country is the removal of Soviet colonial rule.

—General Overseas Service

What Is Wrong with Germany?

By CARL AMERY

WHAT is the matter with us? This is a question which Germans have been asking themselves for generations: it has become a German habit. Perhaps the most truthful answers have been given by those who said, like Socrates, that they did not know. But Germans cannot escape the question, for of course it is asked abroad too. The situation of Germany is indeed a tangle of contradictions. A leading article in *The Times* recently called Germany 'an economy in search of a nation'. Such a formulation has some of the sharpness of genuine insight but again it does not reveal where and how the nation in question got lost.

The latest German catastrophe is not in itself an explanation. Every nation suffers catastrophes and at least half of them are its own fault. Even a guilt of such foul and unnatural proportions as that of the Nazi regime does not explain everything. On the contrary, one might have expected entirely different reactions to it from those that have actually occurred. It is just the falsity of the reactions to Nazism which exercises the observer of Germany

today. Take the division of Germany, for instance—its division into two halves, one of them not only more populous than the other, but economically and psychologically far more powerful: I mean the Federal Republic. What sort of consequence ought to be expected from this division, by all the rules of national statehood? A wild outcry, you would think: a rearing up of the mutilated body public, a raging fever of irredentism. Remember the German reaction to Versailles—the black Reichswehr, the Kapp and Hitler *putsches*, the Feme murders, the political isolation of the 'men of Versailles', the so-called 'politicians of fulfilment': and compared with the yoke put upon Germany in 1945, Versailles was a gentlemanly affair.

Yet this time nothing of the sort has happened. A handful of neo-Nazis have tried to found parties and failed miserably. Hardly a political murder has occurred. Adenauer, the politician of fulfilment pure and simple, is generally respected, even by traditional nationalists. What are we to think? Has revisionism gone underground? Or have the Germans suddenly turned Machiavellian,

determined to act according to the watchword '*Jamais y parler, toujours y penser*'? Is there somewhere a super-Bismarck being bred up, to prepare, without sound or scruple, for reunification with blood and iron? There is no hint of any such thing. On the contrary: 'Never think of it, always speak of it' is the watchword today. Reunification is being drowned in a flood of words.

Tour of an Imaginary Anthropologist

In an attempt to explain this strange German situation to myself, to take a step sideways, as it were, into understanding, I have invented a puppet figure—an American anthropologist, Irwin C. Rowe, one of those notable young scientists who serve their apprenticeship on Fiji islanders and Hopi Indians and thereby gain the necessary objectivity to record everything human round them with the same inhuman benevolence. By a further imaginative licence, I have taken my anthropologist on a tour of Germany, an unusually objective tour which shows him everything that most tours leave out, conducting him into the very bowels of modern Germany—an anthropologist's tour, in fact. He is given a discreet glimpse of the usages in a university duelling room, where he finds students of the Rhenogermania Corps busy carving up one another's faces. He listens to the oratory of a trade unionist who is trying to keep a strike alive; he has a conversation with a taxi-driver who, after twenty minutes of Nazi talk, affirms that he is no Nazi nor ever has been one, and he may be right at that. He compares two contemporary creeds, the democratic one set forth in party political advertisements, the religious one inferred from the public speeches of church personalities, and refrains from commenting on the contradictions between them. He takes objective and benevolent note of the politicians who speak about the tragic fate of the divided Fatherland and do everything they can to make it permanent; of the democratic parliamentarians who belong to organisations having the declared aim of replacing democracy by a corporate state or a class-state; of the gallant Rhenogermania student who in public is a member of the democratic party while holding fast to some articles of the Nazi faith in private.

What does our anthropologist conclude from all this? Here his training stands him in good stead and prevents him throwing up his hands in despair, as any ordinary Western observer would do. He records simply that the cultural system of Germany today is one of polyreligiosity. The term is well known to anthropologists, particularly in the case of Asiatic societies. Polyreligiosity describes a social condition in which history and myth have lost their dramatic character, their capacity to impose obligations and compelling images.

The Germans until recently were a completely Western people. They sought to derive from history a continuity of conviction and behaviour. Good and bad examples gave exhortation and warning, side-shoots sprouted from the main stem, developed to full vigour, and formed with all the rest a rational organism. In Germany today this is no longer the case, no longer as it still is, for instance, in Britain, France, or the United States. Instead we have polyreligiosity, dissolving the organic historical picture. For history has become too difficult, too catastrophic, for the Germans. It is weighed down by irreconcilable contradictions with which the German people can no longer cope. So history has been abolished. The German pantheon today is furnished with sets of ancestor-gods, each with its own theology.

Appeasing the Ancestor-gods

Here again Asia comes to the anthropologist's mind. One can be at the same time a Confucian, a Taoist, and a Buddhist, and go to the mission school as well. So in Germany the sets of ancestor-gods are at war with one another, and each is appeased after its own fashion. Each one has its own priests and forms of observance. The feudal ancestor cult, for instance, is the one the Rhenogermania students practise; its recognised form of observance is the sacrifice of the heavy sabre. It demands numerous ritual blood offerings, unlike the official democratic cult, which is satisfied with the incense of words. And then there are Marxist rites, and certain mild expressions of Christian belief. And of course there are the underground gods of Nazism, to which many a dark oath is still sworn.

What you cannot find, logically enough from the anthropologist's standpoint, are exclusive systems. There is nothing like a militant nationalism, nor a militant socialism, nor a militant Christianity. Such militant systems have something about them that a polyreligious society finds shocking; the claims they make are too positive. Piety, in such a society, takes a different form. There the pious man is one like our student, who goes in for duelling, belongs to a democratic club, and is in private a kind of eclectic Nazi. Our student contributes more than his share to the appeasement of the various sets of gods; he prevents the incursion of history into real life, he 'makes big medicine'.

This state of affairs is convenient for the average German. He nurses a mild, but always uncommitted, affection for his gods; when his way of life takes him into the neighbourhood of one of their temples he murmurs a prayer, but otherwise minds his own business. He can be sure that he need never stumble and that no guilt need fall on him. What is sin and shame for one set of gods is virtue and bliss for another. If he falls foul of the democrats, a conservative or reactionary newspaper will be ready with a pat on the back. If he offends the feudalists, he can seek sanctuary in democracy or in the twilight Reich of national revolution. The important thing is never to turn fanatic—in other words, not to join any system exclusively. It is best to collect the lucky charms of every religion and so preserve the *status quo*. That is how everyone understands the politician who bewails the division of the Fatherland—he is merely scattering incense before old god Bismarck, to avert the wrath of the wardens of the Temple of National Unity. They understand, too, that on no account must his words be followed by action, for who knows what gods he might offend then?

The Magician-King

The federal elections last September were a remarkable demonstration of this thesis. For what was it that really happened then? The Germans chose a Magician-King. One can put a high estimation on the capacities of our Federal Chancellor and agree with his aims, or one can think little of them and say 'No' to his policy. The point is, however, that his true function is not political but magical. His great age, his absolute freedom from problems, from bodily or spiritual injury, predestine him to the role of Magician-King. 'No experiments'—so he apostrophised his electors. That is, no change in the *status quo*, no dangerous rejection of any particular gods who might be angry with us. How is it that he can issue such a rallying cry? What gives him the strength to do so, the *Mana*? We have here a man who has experienced as living history the domination of all these gods. Millions have been broken by it, broken in mind and body. Feudal heads rolled in the dust of November 1918, Socialists, Spartacists, and Liberal Democrats rose and fell in their turn. They denounced one another, plunged the nation in an ocean of contradictions before drowning in it themselves. The elastic old patrician has lived through it all, without a bend in his backbone or trace of fatigue in his gait, his convictions unwithered. He is one of the very few who have proved able to survive, without wounds of mind or body. He has withstood the full power of gods of every sect, and knows the simple, secret rites which can hold them in check. He is keeping a happy, contented, well-dressed, and well-motorised people safe from what it most fears in the world today, safe from history.

No experiments! And Germany's re-entry into history would be an experiment on the grand scale. The Germans fear it, they elect the Magician-King who can guarantee that the gods have full warehouses and well-stocked shop windows, and above all a balance of theologies.

But not every German can achieve this anthropological detachment. There are some Germans who want to be Westerners, to live again in a living history; who think nothing of happiness without history, of drifting eclectically up and down the tides of mutually opposed religions; who believe in the value of possessing a radical socialism, a radical rationalism, and a radical Christianity. And so they hope that Germany will once more enter history, and busy itself with rejecting false gods, however terrible their wrath may be.—*Third Programme*

The Listener

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The Happiness Within

IT has often been said that in contentment lies man's highest happiness. There will be plenty of people to dispute this: the revolutionary, for example. Contentment in the eyes of the revolutionary must take a high place among the imperfections of a bourgeoisie: it is a failing to be scorned. Yet if a revolution be successful and the erstwhile revolutionaries mount into the saddle, does not contentment among their followers then become a virtue? In considering this question one is soon driven back to the observation that so frequently fell from the lips of Dr. Joad: 'It all depends what you mean . . .'. What does bring happiness? As an American humorist once suggested, with whatever degree of humour, certainly with truth: 'It's pretty hard to say. Poverty and wealth have both failed'. Mr. Frederick Willis comes near the mark when he says in a lively talk reproduced in our columns this week that circumstances and environment have less to do with our impressions of life than has our state of mind.

Mr. Willis, 'as a member of the class George Gissing wrote about', is speaking of the far-off golden days (some think of them as not so golden) when the penny stamp was purple and the halfpenny stamp was red—or somewhere about that period. The Victorian Sunday, he tells us, had more to be said for it than most people now imagine. The other side of the medal was that he worked sixty-two hours a week—a pretty good stint by modern standards—and spent another twelve travelling backwards and forwards to his job. Small wonder he was in a favourable position to appreciate his Sunday. Cynics might be heard to murmur something about the advantage of hitting yourself over the head with a hammer because it is so pleasant when you leave off. That argument however, if it is one, cuts both ways. One has heard of cases where a man has so much idle time on his hands that he longs to get back to work. Likewise with money. A man can be degraded by poverty: but wealth too has its dangers—though it must be conceded that most of us, if it came to the point, would be ready enough to face them. A happy mean would seem to be the answer here.

Further on in his talk Mr. Willis speaks about the pleasures of cycling and walking and of the beauty in those days of the countryside near London, adding with an absence of comment that leaves no doubt of his views, that the fields and watercress beds are now covered with factories, neon lights, zebra crossings, and other signs of progress. All the sights are there still—'with the exception of the beautiful country'. Whether or not the lament is misplaced, the fact remains that all is now changed, changed utterly, and if a terrible beauty has not been born, new joys have replaced the old ones and more people are able to enjoy them. But he would be a bold man who claimed that the problem of contentment is not still with us, a bolder man still who ventured to lay down rules for attaining it. A character in one of Ibsen's plays declared that 'to crave for happiness in this world is to be possessed by the spirit of revolt. What right have we to happiness?' Perhaps by forgetting about our rights in this matter we might come near to attaining such felicity as we deserve. Perhaps not. But all in all it is difficult to improve on Mr. Willis' summing up. As La Rochefoucauld said before him: 'Happiness and misery depend as much on temperament as on fortune'.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on world affairs

A NUMBER OF WESTERN commentators expressed the view that Mr. Gromyko's attack on the United States at his press conference on April 18 was designed to distract attention from Soviet reluctance to start four-power diplomatic talks to prepare for a 'summit' conference.

Moscow radio publicised the Soviet Foreign Minister's accusation against the United States of 'endangering peace' by sending bombers armed with nuclear weapons over Arctic regions towards Soviet territory. He stated:

These flights constitute a playing with fire too dangerous for their continuance to be tolerated. Several times humanity has been within a hair's breadth of a new war, which could break out instantaneously as a result of irresponsible or provocative acts on the part of the U.S. military command . . . or the slightest mistake by an American officer or technician.

On the same evening a State Department spokesman in Washington was quoted as saying that bombers of the Strategic Air Command had never been launched except in carefully controlled exercises, which could not possibly be the accidental cause of war. Nor could United States bomber operations possibly be considered provocative to the Soviet Union. He added that the United States would welcome a discussion of the matter in the Security Council, for which Mr. Gromyko had asked. A United States spokesman at United Nations headquarters was quoted as saying that a Security Council discussion of the Soviet charges would show that they were using the technique of the big lie to incite fear among the peoples of the world.

Before Mr. Gromyko's attack Moscow radio broadcast a number of accusations that the recent Nato Defence Ministers' meeting in Paris was concerned with 'practical planning for nuclear war'. The United States was said to be planning 'to transfer all power in the Atlantic Union to U.S. generals, who have been empowered at any time . . . to press the trigger of atomic war'. *Pravda* was quoted as recalling Soviet warnings that the establishment of missile sites and nuclear stockpiles would, in the event of war, lead to 'catastrophic consequences' for the countries harbouring them. A Moscow broadcast to France said that the European allies of the United States were caught between two fires: on the one hand, the West European public's insistence on talks with Russia made it difficult to carry out Nato's military projects; on the other hand, United States pressure made for a speeding up of these projects.

The increase of the Atlantic forces demands considerable funds which the countries, weighed down by inflated military budgets, cannot provide. This applies also to France. Everyone knows that the reason for the present government crisis lies not only in the imprudent policy pursued in North Africa, but also in the Atlantic policy of nuclear arms race.

On April 19 it was announced from Belgrade that the Communist Parties of the Soviet Union, China, and the satellite countries had decided to boycott the Yugoslav Party Congress, because of disagreement with the draft programme of the Yugoslav Party. On the same day Moscow radio broadcast a long article in *Kommunist* strongly attacking the Yugoslav programme for including generalisations at variance with Marxism-Leninism and the world Communist movement. It specially complained that the Yugoslav programme blamed the existence of two military blocs for world tension, whereas, said the Soviet journal, it was the capitalist countries alone who were responsible. It also complained of the Yugoslav statement that a Socialist society can arise from a capitalist one by evolutionary means. This Moscow attack came only a few hours after President Tito, in a speech from Belgrade, had said that Yugoslavia's relations with the Soviet Union and the East European countries were developing successfully. The Moscow condemnation of the Yugoslav thesis about a peaceful evolution from capitalism to socialism was preceded by a spate of broadcasts attacking this and other theories as 'revisionism'. In one of these attacks on 'revisionists' the broadcast mentioned by name the British Labour Party, the Austrian Social Democrats, and the 'well-known traitor Imre Nagy'.

Did You Hear That?

SOVEREIGNTY IN ANTARCTICA

'SEVEN COUNTRIES at present claim about four-fifths of Antarctica in sectors converging at the Pole', said DONALD MILNER, B.B.C. reporter, in 'From Our Own Correspondent'. 'Great Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand, and Norway all recognise each other's claims, which are based broadly upon discovery. The British have been the most continuous explorers of the far south since Captain Cook made the first landing on the Island of South Georgia in 1775; and the first formal proclamation of sovereignty in the area was made by King Edward VII in Letters Patent of 1908, which defined the Falkland Islands Dependencies—a large wedge of sea, islands, and mainland between twenty and eighty degrees west, stretching from South Georgia to the Pole and embracing the whole of Graham Land.

'But the main exploration at the time was centred on the Ross Sea. This had been discovered in 1841 by Sir James Clark Ross and by the outbreak of the first world war had seen all the great polar expeditions of Scott and Shackleton. It was annexed by the British in 1923, under the name of the Ross Dependency, and handed over to New Zealand for administration. It was also the scene of the first journey to the South Pole by the Norwegian, Amundsen. But Norway's main interest in Antarctica has been on the other side of the continent, and her claim, therefore, which dates only from 1939, extends for sixty-five degrees to the east of the Falkland Islands Dependencies.

'The large sector between Queen Maud Land, as it is called, and the Ross Sea has been known since 1933 as "Australian Antarctic Territory". Here the claim is derived first from the discoveries of Biscoe, Balleny, and Kemp a century before and, more particularly, upon the extensive work of the Australian explorer Sir Douglas Mawson both before and after the first world war. Within the Australian claim lies the very much smaller French sector known as Adélie Land, first found by Dumont d'Urville in 1840 and officially claimed for France in 1924.

'That, more or less, makes up the political map of Antarctica as seen through the eyes of the five mutually recognising powers. It still leaves an almost entirely unclaimed Pacific sector of seventy degrees, and it takes no account of the very active territorial dispute arising from the Argentine and Chilean claims to much of the British sector centred on the Weddell Sea. These claims are based upon the Papal division of the New World between Spain and Portugal in the fifteenth century; upon the presumption that this was intended to include the Antarctic continent, whose existence was then unknown; upon the relative nearness of that continent to the two southernmost American republics, and upon geological affinities between the mountains of the Andes and the Graham Land Peninsula.

'Although the Falkland Islands have been administered as a British colony for well over a century, Argentina continues to regard them as her territory. Neither she nor Chile was active in Antarctica proper, that is, south of about sixty degrees, until the

Scottish National Expedition handed over its meteorological station in the South Orkney Islands to an Argentine party in 1904. And it was not until Britain was involved in the last war that either country began to stake their claims on the mainland. For the past fifteen years, the British have maintained up to a dozen bases of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey in Graham Land and the neighbouring islands, and during that time a succession of incidents, sometimes dangerous, often ludicrous to those not involved, have strained relations between Great Britain, Chile, and Argentina.

'Meanwhile the pre-war activities of the American Admiral Byrd have been intensified and expanded as official United States Government projects conducted particularly in the unclaimed Pacific sector. The official American view is that they neither recognise other countries' claims nor make any themselves. The

same goes, more or less, for the Russians, who, until recently, had shown no interest in Antarctica for 130 years. But during the past Antarctic season they, like the Americans and the British, have been carrying out extensive surface journeys and have even gone so far as to play the Argentine game of planting political symbols on the British-claimed South Sandwich Islands.

'It was agreed by all the twelve countries now active in Antarctica that participation in the International Geophysical Year should not be made a basis for political claims. But the intention of almost all those taking part to keep at least some of their bases open after the end of the I.G.Y., some of them on territory claimed by other countries, is likely to precipitate the need for agreement over Antarctic sovereignty.

'The Prime Ministers of Great Britain and New Zealand have recently expressed their belief that the best solution is to be found in some form of internationalisation of the continent. Argentina and Chile, on the other hand, have reaffirmed what they regard as their sovereign rights. Norwegian, Russian, and Japanese whaling interests must be taken into account, as well as the commercial possibilities of exploiting whatever mineral wealth may be accessible in the ice-free areas'.

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A CASTLE IN TORONTO

Visiting stately homes is a practice in Canada as well as in this country. CHRISTOPHER SERPELL described for 'The Eye-witness' a castle in Toronto which must be unique.

'Here on a low hill overlooking the city', he said, 'is the apotheosis of the style which I like to call "Schloss-Gothick"—a fountain of masonry spurting upwards in mullions and loop-holes, pierced battlements and stepped gables, steep-pitched roofs and dunce-capped towers, and a whole battery of chamfered chimneys storming the sky like medieval rocket-launchers. In the words of a local newspaper: "It is the most romantic thing that ever happened to Toronto—a dream come true".

'The dreamer was an Edwardian figure called Sir Henry



Casa Loma, Toronto, built by Sir Henry Pellatt just before the first world war

Pellatt, a multi-millionaire known to his rivals in the early nineteen-hundreds as "Pellatt the Plunger". His dream, out of Ouida by Harrison-Ainsworth, was a castle that would combine all the luxury of the New World with the romance of the Old. In 1911, with his fortune at its giddiest height, Sir Henry gave orders for the best and most expensive craftsmen of two continents to realise that dream; and in 1914 Sir Henry and his wife took up residence in the finished masterpiece, which Lady Pellatt—perhaps with some thought of "castles in Spain"—named Casa Loma: Spanish for "house on the hill".

There were ninety-eight rooms, not counting the swimming pool and the shooting gallery in the basement. There were only twenty-five bathrooms but these had perfume laid on as well as "hot and cold". There were several billiards rooms, a library built to hold 10,000 books behind massive glass doors, a conservatory as big as a tennis court beneath a stained-glass dome. The comparatively modest master's study had Spanish mahogany panelling which concealed on each side of the Italian marble fireplace two secret staircases—one leading down to the vaults where Sir Henry kept his wine and his money, the other upwards to the wing where Sir Henry and his wife had their two vast bedroom suites.

The house contained expensive replicas of everything that had caught Sir Henry's appreciative eye on his trips to Europe. It had its own telephone system and it was completely electrified—as befitted the home of a man who had been knighted for bringing electricity to Toronto from the Niagara Falls. A white-tiled underground corridor nearly half-a-mile long led to the stables, where the fantasy of the architect ran even more riotously than in the residence. A solid, four-turreted castle-keep was flung some sixty feet into the air on a soaring tower of brick and masonry, and in this the grooms and coachmen were impreguably lodged, while the horses lived in comfort on the ground floor in loose boxes, panelled, like the master's study, in Spanish mahogany with bronze trimmings.

It was, perhaps, appropriate that this late flower of the Edwardian era should have bloomed on the eve of the first world war, which put an end to that era. Ten years later, and by then a widower, he found the place too expensive to maintain, with its establishment of sixty servants and its rates fixed at \$1,000 a week. Casa Loma was taken over by the City of Toronto in lieu of rates, and for years it stood empty and gaunt. Then, in 1938, at the very moment when its demolition had been planned, and only a year before Sir Henry died, it was taken over by a group of local business men—the Kiwanis Club of West Toronto—and turned into a tourist attraction.

WILD LIFE ON THE RAILROAD

'The Alnwick-Coldstream railway runs through some of the most beautiful country in England', said HENRY TEGNER in 'The Northcountryman'. 'To the west the Cheviot hills are within sight for most of its distance, towards the east lie the unspoiled, fertile farmlands of north Northumberland. During the summer of 1948 parts of Northumberland were subjected to severe floods and a number of railway bridges on this line were washed away.

The destruction of these bridges was the last straw, and resulted in the closing of the Alnwick-Coldstream line.

A permanent railroad, strong enough to carry heavy trains, requires sound foundations and thorough drainage. As a consequence most disused railways are still dry places, which makes them, in many cases, attractive to certain wild birds and beasts.

'Rodents of various kinds often flourish along these routes. Badgers will make their setts in old cuttings. Foxes can find excellent lying along the embankments. Rabbits know that the elevated track-beds are good spots in which to form their burrows, and the presence of rabbits and the smaller rodents brings the weasels, stoats, foxes, and other predators. Night-hunting owls fly along the railroad in search of mice.

'So it is that to the naturalist the old Alnwick-Coldstream line can be a most profitable place. One particular stretch I know runs through woodland, and it is one of its most densely populated spots. Birds abound: jays, treecreepers, chaffinches, owls, black-birds, pheasants, and tits can constantly be seen. I once noted, within a strip of not more than fifty yards in extent, two pairs of whitethroats, a wheatear, and a whinchat. As well as the birds I have been able to watch both hares and foxes at play in this cutting through the woods, and once I saw a glorious red roebuck who had selected this spot for his mid-day siesta.

RUSSIAN WHALING FLEET

'By far the biggest whaling fleet ever to visit New Zealand was recently anchored in Wellington Harbour. It was a Russian fleet, taking on stores before starting the long voyage back to Odessa. Most of the ships were small ones, between 200 and 400 tons, especially built in Russia to serve a big factory ship called *The Slava*, a ship which', NEVILLE WEBBER reported to 'Radio Newsreel', from Wellington, 'was attracting a great deal of attention there.

The Slava, a ship of 14,700 tons, was built in Britain in 1929 and was first operated by Norway and then by Germany. After the war she was taken over again by Britain, under the name of *Empire Venture*, before being acquired by Russia in 1946. She carries three helicopters, used for spotting whales and for communication purposes, and she seems to be fitted out with all the latest equipment. She has a crew of over 400, and,

like most Russian ships, has a good complement of women. There are thirty-two of them in all. They include stewardesses, cooks, laundry maids, a dentist, three accountants, and two shorthand typists. Also included in the crew were four marine biologists and three printers and journalists who turn out a well-produced newspaper, *Soviet Whaleman*, twice a week.

'Down below I found the quarters cramped but clean; and there was only a faint smell to betray that the ship was a whaler. A much more noticeable scent was the *eau de cologne* and other perfumes which the crew, both male and female, use extensively. Every room I looked in had large portraits of Russian leaders, among whom, I noticed, Stalin was still prominent. The whole atmosphere was rather old-fashioned, I thought, even Victorian.

'The crews, totalling over 1,100, are given shore leave each day, and this they spend in window-shopping, making small purchases, and in sight-seeing in buses and cars'.



In 'Radio Newsreel' Johann Sigurdsson described to Leonard Parkin, a B.B.C. reporter, how hot water from Iceland's volcanic springs is obtained and the uses to which it is put. In the picture above engineers are piping the water from a spring about fifteen miles from Reykjavik to provide central heating, power for industry, and heat for the greenhouses in which fruit and flowers are grown on a large scale. Below: a gardener, still wearing his sheepskin coat (the temperature outside was -10 degrees Fahrenheit), examines a banana tree laden with fruit



First Impressions of the Brussels Exhibition

By C. L. BOLTZ

THE first impression of the Brussels Universal and International Exhibition, apart from its enormous size, is the great influence on it of science and technology. 'More than ever', said King Baudouin in his opening speech, 'civilisation is seen to be conditioned by science'. And the context of this statement showed that he was thinking chiefly of atomic and nuclear science.

In response to this the dominating feature of the whole of the vast exhibition, which covers an area considerably more than that of Hyde Park, is an enormous model of an elementary crystal of alpha iron—the atomium, even more dominating when seen from a helicopter, as I saw it, than from the ground. From the air many of the quirks and fancies of the modern show designers disappear into insignificance, but not the atomium. The exhibition's official jester, a black-bearded merry Andrew, has caught the spirit of it all as he toys with his own special bits of apparatus and makes quips about the world of the future, with its atomics and its sputniks and space travel. Even the amusement park has its novel space-exploration and earth-satellite devices. The helter-skelter and the roundabout are definitely 'out'.

Sputniks are naturally very much in people's minds, and the Russians have made use of this fact in their pavilion. This is a rectangular building conceived on a massive scale and utilising to the full the dramatic effect of architectural recession in its front approach up wide sweeping steps. The same impression of sheer size comes when you get inside, though to one observer at least the colossal statues were too big to be taken seriously. There are life-size models of sputniks one and two. The first is a



Interior of the Russian pavilion at the Universal and International Exhibition, Brussels: a crowd is gathered round the model of sputnik two



The United States pavilion by night

plain sphere like a rather big football with rods like car aerials trailing from it. The second is a complete rocket nose with a sphere inside it and the cylindrical container for the sacrificed dog, which was, it is now clear, strapped and bandaged to provide data of heartbeat and the like—data that was, as we know, signalled back to earth. Downstairs was a small cutaway model of the atom-powered icebreaker ship, the hull of which has already been launched. This is a theme, incidentally, repeated in the British Industry pavilion, where there is also a somewhat similar model of a proposed atom-powered ship.

The American pavilion, a beautiful circular building whose interior is complete with the park trees that had to be preserved at Belgian request, has an important demonstration of an electronic computer adapted to print in any one of ten languages historical facts about any chosen year. You choose your language and write down a chosen year in figures. Out comes at once a slip of paper with historical data on it. This is, of course, a showman's gimmick, but it serves to bring home the fact that what is important nowadays about a digital computer is not its electronics but its adaptability to many purposes. This theme

is also illustrated in the British Industry pavilion, and there is a complete and separate pavilion used by a private firm to demonstrate its computers, with the emphasis again on their use.

Without going into any detail about pavilions that there was no time to see, a further point can be made that many of the Belgian halls are given up to technology—water, gas, electrical power, metallurgy, and so on.

An ambitious project, and the most important scientifically of the non-national shows, is the International Hall of Science. Fifteen nations, including Britain, have co-operated in this, and it is intended to be purely informative and educational at both popular and specialised levels. Every visual aid to presentation is to be used to make this an outstanding contribution to the exhibition. The theme is the development of fundamental science in the past fifty years and there are four major divisions: the atom, the molecule, the crystal, and the living cell—from the inanimate unit to the animate. Some forty British exhibits are ready for display, all under the general direction of Sir Lawrence Bragg. I have not seen any of them, for the hall is nothing like ready yet and I was not allowed in, but I can give details of the nine exhibits arranged by our Atomic Energy Authority. In the atom section the Belgian organisers asked especially for a panorama of Sir John Cockcroft's Cambridge laboratory in which he and Professor Walton first split the atom by means of artificially accelerated particles. The way in which this type of cascade generator works is also to be shown by special request, as well as an exhibit of a travelling-wave linear accelerator. This is the type of accelerator invented by D. W. Fry and his colleagues at Malvern some years ago and is now made by several firms in Great Britain for the acceleration of electrons to speeds approaching that of light.

Neutron diffraction, a method of molecular analysis of special interest because it has not one of the limitations of X-rays and so can locate very light atoms even when they are near heavy ones, is to be displayed by the Authority, and so is the effect of irradiation, such as gamma rays, on materials: some very odd results are obtained. The use of radioactive carbon as a tracer in the analysis of organic molecules will be shown in the molecule section. Among the more specialised exhibits there is a novel type of high-energy generator, the *tandem* generator as it is called. It is an entirely new device and one is being built at Aldermaston and one at Harwell. It is a generator in which the electrical charge of an atom is changed in sign half-way along. It starts negatively charged and ends up positively charged. An atom can thus be accelerated twice as much with one applied voltage as it would be by a more orthodox use.

No atomic exhibit could today do without some mention of the thermonuclear reaction, the fusion of light atoms such as deuterium and tritium, by means of which it is hoped to generate power in years to come. So the more fundamental aspects of this reaction are to be shown in the International Hall of Science.

Outstanding British Exhibits

This makes altogether nine exhibits from our Atomic Energy Authority. That it is doing so much in fundamental research is known to scientists, but it is something of a surprise to those who think of atomics entirely in terms of reactors and power stations. All the same, nuclear reactors and power stations are the most immediately impressive aspects of science today, and in this the British exhibits are outstanding. The British Government pavilion begins with a hall of original exterior design designed to look like three pointed crystals emerging from the ground. Inside this, the Hall of Tradition, the visitor passes through in an atmosphere of subdued lighting and acoustic quietness and then turns the corner to be confronted by a beautiful night-time panorama of the experimental breeder reactor on the north Scottish coast at Dounreay, with seagulls crying over a lively sea of unceasing movement.

From there he passes alcoves in which many recent achievements of science are explained and demonstrated, such as the elucidation of the molecular structure of vitamin B₁₂, the result of years of work by biochemists, chemists, and crystallographers in the laboratories of a private firm and at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Echo-sounding, the Tinbergen work on the social life of gulls, the Melrose heart-and-lung machine working at its task of pumping blood round at normal heart speed, the

newest of the specially selective weedkillers that work by using the weed's own enzyme system to poison itself—all are here with their explanatory charts. These are followed by a model of the Jodrell Bank giant radio telescope—the one that tracked the Sputniks when their signals had ceased—and the Mullard interferometer radio telescope at Cambridge, both against a background of the night sky and with explanatory detail of the sort of investigations of the universe that these newest types of telescopes will do.

The climax to all this is a model of Zeta, Harwell's zero energy thermonuclear assembly. The model is one third of the size of the original and is seen outside Britain for the first time. The torus, the circular tube in which the discharge takes place, is in the model made of Perspex so that visitors can see a gas discharge flashing round inside it once every ten seconds.

Model of Zeta

The news that British scientists had achieved in Zeta a measured temperature of 5,000,000 degrees Centigrade and so reached the first successful stage in harnessing the power available in deuterium, which is plentiful in our vast oceans, winged round the world a couple of months or so ago. So this seven-feet high model is certain to create a great deal of interest. It should be remembered that private enterprise has also produced its smaller version of Zeta and achieved very high temperatures in the millions of degrees. This private-enterprise thermonuclear apparatus is Sceptre III, and a model of this is on show at Brussels in the British Industry Pavilion.

I have not described everything in the Government Pavilion, but we can take for granted the photographs of winners of the Nobel prize, noting with satisfaction that ten of them have been gained by Britain since the war. And the historical aspect of British scientific achievement, interesting as it is, and even in some cases amusing, need not be described here. The evidence is at Brussels.

The British Industry pavilion—financed entirely by private enterprise instead of being heavily backed by the Government for purposes of national prestige—perhaps suffers visually from overcrowding and the absence of one master design. Too much had to be crowded into too little space. The individual exhibits, however, are impressive. Without trying to make invidious comparisons, one cannot fail to see the most outstanding exhibit there: an enormous model of the Bradwell nuclear power station now under construction. It is more than a model; it is a miniature, correct in detail, even to the insulators and cables that deliver the output to the National Grid. Those who have never seen a nuclear power station of commercial size—and this means everyone who has not visited Britain—can see here just what some of our power stations of the future will look like. The same observer can get a glimpse of other designs of such stations in large paintings exhibited by the British Electrical and Allied Industry and in a sectional model of the reactor house of the biggest nuclear power station under construction at Hinkley Point. This is an animated model in which a mercury-vapour discharge represents the circulation of carbon dioxide in the reactor and heat-exchanger.

It is extremely difficult to get away from this topic of the peaceful uses of atomic energy. Britain does lead the world and we are continually experimenting and improving. The Atomic Energy Authority's own exhibit demonstrates this clearly, showing the continuous experimentation to find more and more efficient ways of utilising the nuclear fuels.

If I have seemed to concentrate especially on the British show at Brussels, it is not done in any narrowly nationalistic spirit. The plain fact is that you need weeks to look at everything, and furthermore the British exhibits were the only ones, among those of the major Powers at any rate, ready even before the opening day and welcoming visitors without let or hindrance.—*Network Three*

Those who suffer from rheumatic diseases may be interested in a recently published book entitled *Overcome Arthritis*, by William Kitay (Bailey Brothers and Swinfen, 25s.). It tells the story of arthritis and describes 'the all-important role that the arthritic has in his own treatment'. In a foreword, the Rt. Hon. Tom Williams, Chairman of the British Rheumatic Association, refers to the book as 'something which is at once simple and authoritative, written by a layman for lay people and designed to make the very best of the doctor-patient relationship which lies at the root of all successful medical treatment'.

The Annus Mirabilis of Flying

By CHARLES GIBBS-SMITH

THE scene is a local race-course at Hunaudières, some five miles south of Le Mans in France. It is Saturday, August 8, 1908. There are no packed crowds in the stands, no horses lined up for the start. But there are a number of spectators, mostly men; and they lean on the rails or sit about smoking and talking. Many of them are hard-bitten metropolitan journalists, down from Paris for the day; and they look in no mood to be trifled with, after what may prove a fruitless journey into the 'sticks'.

Dotted about among the reporters are also a number of more sober-looking individuals who look neither bored nor hard-bitten: they seem more like shrewd farmers come to judge a cattle show, but they are in fact the aviators of France.

A few minutes later a strange alteration has come over them; many of these same men are behaving almost hysterically. Some of them are actually in tears; others look stunned and still scowling; and yet others just stand open-mouthed in astonishment. One of the aviators, overcome by emotion, raises his hands, drops them, and exclaims: 'Eh bien. Nous sommes battus! Nous n'existons pas!'

The event that had brought these spectators to Hun-



Wilbur Wright flying at the Hunaudières race-course, near Le Mans, August 1908. Left: a photograph autographed by Wright at Le Mans in December 1908

audières, and which had produced such strange reactions, was also destined to transform the face of history. For Wilbur Wright, tall and austere son of a bishop, from Dayton, Ohio, in the United States of America, had just made his first aeroplane flight in public, with a type of machine

which he and his brother Orville had been quietly developing since 1900; they first built three gliders; then—from 1903 to 1905—three powered machines. At this time in Europe, after five years of widespread but often misguided effort by a number of inventors, there were only two biplanes and two monoplanes which could make any pretensions at all to flying; and even then none of them were really practical aircraft. The two Voisin biplanes could keep in the air for twenty minutes or so, and one of the monoplanes—the Blériot—for under ten. The Voisins had been able to make only a few wide and wavering circuits since the beginning of the year, and the Blériot had made its first circuit only in July. None of these machines could be properly controlled; they could only be taken off in perfect weather; and flew heavily and sluggishly a few feet above the ground.



Henri Farman's modified Voisin biplane at the military ground at Issy, near Paris, July 1908

Collection of the Royal Aeronautical Society

With a curious lack of flair and imagination, the Europeans had misinterpreted the information and clues about the Wrights' gliding which had been brought to France in the spring of 1903. This was well before the Wrights made their first powered flights. The French pioneers tried to make satisfactory Wright-type gliders; failed; and concluded mistakenly that the Wrights themselves had not made satisfactory gliders. Then they proceeded to copy the shape of the Wright gliders

—which they had seen in photographs—without understanding them properly. They combined this with a form of box-kite: and so they started on their own perverse and tortuous road to powered flying. They had failed to learn and practise the essential disciplines of gliding which the Wrights advised, and because they were also obsessed by the automobile—with which many of them had been concerned—the French inventors came to look on their aeroplanes as winged automobiles, to be driven off the ground and steered about the sky like lifeless land vehicles. As a result they gave little attention to the all-important question of control and manoeuvrability in the air, beyond providing the most primitive steering system: and the European conception of a pilot became that of an airborne chauffeur.

Then, in August, came, like a seagull into a chicken run, the



S. F. Cody's British Army Aeroplane No. 1, which made the first powered and sustained flight in England on October 16, 1908

Wright 'Flyer' as it was called. The Wrights, from the very start of their work in 1899, had looked upon the aeroplane as a sensitive aerial steed, to be ridden, controlled, and manoeuvred with skill and dexterity. They had made more than a thousand flights on their early gliders, and had developed an excellent co-ordinated control system of elevator, rudder, and wing-warping. This enabled them, by the end of 1902, to glide and soar in winds of thirty miles an hour or more, and to balance, bank, and turn their machine with ease. It was the Wrights' determination to master the control and manoeuvrability of a glider in the air, before attempting to make a powered machine, that was one of the chief keys to their success.

The Wrights' First Powered Flight

They made their first powered flights on December 17, 1903; in 1904 they built an improved powered machine, with which they could turn and circle with ease; and in 1905 they built their fully practical No. 3 'Flyer': it could turn, bank, circle, make figures-of-eight, and keep flying for over half an hour without landing. They did not fly again until 1908, because they did not want to show their hand too soon; but they were ready with two new aircraft. Meanwhile, only distorted news of these events trickled into Europe, and the Europeans, neglecting both the news and the art of gliding and flight control, grew up with an altogether inadequate conception of how a flying machine should behave.

So when, on this August afternoon of 1908, the journalists and aviators of France stood and watched Wilbur's 'Flyer' slide smoothly off its starting rail into the air, and immediately describe two perfect circuits before landing gracefully in front of the pavilion, they knew that they were witnessing the dawn of a new air age. It was the sight of the machine being put into a tight banked turn, levelling off, and then circling again, which struck them with all the force of a revelation, and brought home to them at one stroke the difference between clumsy progression through the air and true flying. From that moment the history of aviation was transformed.

The Hunaudières spectators were not only amazed; they also had to swallow some bitter pills. For the true story of the Wrights had never come fairly and fully across the Atlantic, and Wilbur, once he had arrived in Europe, had been in no hurry to assemble his new machine and fly it. So the French press, impatient and now growingly certain that the Wright story was a myth, foolishly accused Wilbur of bluffing; and, after further delays, came the famous French headline 'The bluff continues'.

Then came the first flight on August 8—and, incidentally, this was the first take-off Wilbur had ever made in this new machine. The world at last realised that all the claims made for the Wrights were valid. What made it worse and more bewildering for the scoffers, and once and for all established the true greatness of the Wrights, were Wilbur's and Orville's subsequent performances.

A week later, Wilbur was invited to use the great military ground at Auvours, nearby; and it was there that he held modest court to the world of flying from August 21 until the last day of the year. Meanwhile, Orville had made his first public flight at Fort Myer near Washington on September 3, and on September 9 had astounded his military audience first by flying under perfect control for only three minutes short of an hour; then going up again and flying for an hour and two minutes; and finally taking up his first passenger for a short flight. Tragically enough, after three more hour-long flights, Orville's machine suffered a mid-air breakage on September 17 and crashed: Orville was seriously injured and his passenger, Lieutenant Selfridge, was killed, the first victim in the history of powered aviation.

From Strength to Strength

In Europe, Wilbur went from strength to strength. When he stopped flying in the evening of the last day of 1908, he had made more than a hundred flights in France and had been in the air for over twenty-five hours, during which he had given more than sixty passenger flights, had made six individual flights of over half an hour, and seven of over an hour, including his record flight—on the last day of the year—of two hours and twenty minutes. Perhaps one should remind modern listeners of what

a brilliant achievement those flights represented, in terms of the reliability of the airframe and engine, and of the pilot himself.

When looking at the interesting achievements of the Europeans in 1908, we must simply forget the almost total eclipse they suffered from the Wright brothers and think in altogether more modest terms of what was going on. The outstanding European figure at this time—next year to be rivalled by Blériot and Latham—was Henri Farman. Farman was a British subject brought up in France, who did not become a naturalised Frenchman until 1937. He is still happily alive. Farman had been an art student, cycle racer, car racer, and finally aviator; and was Europe's first true powered-aeroplane pilot. The Brazilian Alberto Santos-Dumont had made the first official powered flights in Europe in 1906; but his best effort was only 722 feet, and he never stayed up for more than twenty-two seconds, before he abandoned his ingenious but totally impractical biplane. He did not fly properly until 1909: whereas Farman bought a Voisin biplane in 1907—which he later modified extensively—and by October was flying distances of up to 2,530 feet. On January 13, 1908, he won a *grand prix* for the first kilometre circuit in Europe; and then went on to achieve better and better flights in his cumbersome machine, including the first cross-country flight—from Bouy to Reims—on October 30. Meanwhile, Blériot, on his monoplane number VIII, was also forging ahead, and Léon Delagrangé was a good runner-up to Farman, using another Voisin biplane.

By the end of 1908 the duration record for European machines was just under three-quarters of an hour—Farman again—and the adventure and challenge of flying was being progressively taken up all over the Continent. Even women began to fly as passengers—Madame Peltier in July, and Madame Berg in October, the latter on Wilbur Wright's machine with her skirts tied round with string both for the sake of decency and in view of the aerodynamic hazard.

Apathy in Britain

Apart from Farman flying abroad, Great Britain was in a deplorable state of apathy, except for fashionable ballooning and a few dogged attempts to build dirigible airships. When one considers our distinguished aeronautical past, and the wealth of scientific and technical talent available in the country, this situation provides one of the deeper mysteries of aviation history. Two great Englishmen, A. V. Roe and J. W. Dunne, did make tentative but unsuccessful efforts to fly in 1908, and Roe even managed some powered leaps in June; but it was not until 1909 and after, that he flew successfully and became one of Britain's outstanding pioneers.

It was left to a colourful American, Samuel Franklin Cody, to take the first steps in powered flying in Britain. Cody—not to be confused with his friend and namesake Buffalo Bill Cody—was a rough-rider, sharpshooter, and showman; but he was also an intrepid inventor and experimenter. Later he became a British subject. He had followed Baden-Powell in pioneering excellent man-lifting kites; and after making an ingenious glider in 1905 and a powered kite in 1907, Cody completed his first full-size powered aeroplane early in 1908. He was then in the service of the government balloon factory at Farnborough, the embryo Royal Aircraft Establishment of today. Cody first tested his biplane in May of 1908, but did not achieve more than a few short hops. More tests followed in September and October, with various modifications, before he made the first official powered and sustained flight in Britain on October 16, covering some 1,390 feet before he crashed, luckily without major injury. It was a somewhat modest performance in comparison with what was happening elsewhere, but at least it was a brave and hopeful beginning.

In concluding this brief account of a year of wonders of aviation, I feel we ought to turn back to that greatest of all men in modern flying history—Wilbur Wright. I cannot describe here his many endearing qualities, but of his humour one story of 1908 must be told. At a banquet in his honour, Wilbur was being pressed by his French hosts to make a speech: finally, turning to the interpreter, he said quietly: 'Tell them, I know of only one bird that talks, and it can't fly very high.'—*Home Service*

Making the Most of Suburbs

By DANIEL JENKINS

AS a nation, we are experts at preserving illusions about ourselves which enable us to cherish departed glory. This is true not only of our habit of retaining venerable institutions almost intact long after they have ceased to fulfil their function but also of the personal behaviour and style of life of many of us. To be a top person in the present carries little charm unless one can also contrive to feel like a top person in the past. The television star must also be a gentleman farmer. Steel executives compete with one another for houses in the cathedral close. Even teddy boys cannot achieve pre-eminence in their chosen field without becoming imitations of the men of leisure of a vanished age.

But perhaps no illusion is more widespread and more diligently fostered among those concerned with glory than that England is really composed of two neighbourhoods only; on the one hand, the middle of London; and, on the other, the countryside with its attendant ancient market towns. If pressed, people will admit in an abstract fashion that the suburbs, the Midlands, the North, Wales, Scotland outside the Highlands, actually exist. Sometimes they can even be brought to acknowledge that they themselves, as it turns out, live in one of these places. But the England which they like to think about as really England, the England of which those serving overseas—in an official or managerial capacity, of course—dream, the England which is sold to visiting Americans and which provides the background for pictures of models advertising clothes in the glossy papers, that England is always the middle of London and the countryside.

All this would be no more than a harmless foible, understandable enough in view of the splendour of the past, were it not for another quality of ours. This is a certain indolence of the imagination, which encourages us always to take refuge behind conventions and established ideas rather than to take the measure of a new situation. In a crisis, and with us a crisis generally means nothing



Suburban homes

Hulton Picture Library

less than a major war, most of us quickly shed our illusions and settle down to working together in a practical fashion. But as soon as the tension slackens, or appears to slacken, we slip back more or less contentedly into our old ways.

This can be seen happening today. The tasteless recent discussion about 'U' and 'non-U' would never have moved off the ground in the ration-book days of a dozen years ago. The old mad wish to escape the alleged banalities of suburban life and live in the 'real' country, which created so many problems between the wars, has started again. And the house agent with the most sensitive nose for social distinctions assures those who read the right Sunday newspapers every week that the demand for houses in that 'really-in' area of London whose limits are mysteriously defined at present by Highgate and Putney was never more intense. If the rise of technology and universal education and full employment and the equalisation of incomes prevents us from having two nations in England, apparently there are plenty of people who are determined to wish them into existence.

I think this is dangerous as well as rather silly; not only because all snobbery and pretentiousness are bad, but also because it encourages attitudes the opposite of those we need to develop if we are to have the happy and successful society which is well within our grasp in modern Britain.

In the first place, it makes us overlook the considerable extent to which we all have the same outward style of life today, wherever we live. I was brought up in industrial Wales and have lived at various times in the London suburbs. I am now one of those who live 'really-in', near Oxford Street in fact, and I am able to escape occasionally to somewhere 'really-out', into a neighbourhood as unlike the busy centres of population as you could readily find in southern Britain. Yet I defy anyone to show me any difference in kind between Oxford Street and Croydon's North End or Ealing Broadway. And I look out to the hills in my remote village over the television aerials of the council houses. There are still important differences between one part of the country and another, as there are between families, but they are not the differences represented by the distinction between central London and



Art group in a London suburb

the countryside on the one hand, and the suburbs and the rest on the other. On the contrary, the way of life represented most clearly by the suburbs is characteristic of most of us, and we may as well admit it. We cannot have the amenities of modern life—mass-produced gadgets, rapid transport, power on tap, food from all over the world, radios, gramophones, and, for that matter, widespread libraries, schools, and universities—without also having the kind of society which produces them.

All this is obvious enough and you may think that I am making rather heavy weather of it. But there does seem to be a stop in the minds of many of us about this matter. In all the talk about planning since the war, how much attention has been given to the question of what makes a good suburb? In new towns a great deal of attention is paid to the question of what makes a well-balanced neighbourhood unit. Do not our large cities also need well-balanced neighbourhood units? With a few exceptions we have been prevented from thinking in this way because of an unspoken assumption that a good suburb is a contradiction in terms. Suburbs, almost by definition, are dull, ordinary, and featureless. And, on the other side of the same attitude, we have overlooked the immense problem posed by the bad suburb, which nearly always is the old suburb developed without discrimination in the first place and now in decay. It is in places like this, with their constantly shifting populations of the aged, the single, and the lonely, living in ill-adapted parts of old houses, that the casualties of life in modern cities are concentrated; yet they have received inadequate attention, except by those very close to them, because they have not been thought of traditionally as areas of difficulty. They are just the suburbs, possessing no problems and no interest.

Successful Modern Communities

Actually, good suburbs provide the nearest approximation to successful modern communities that England has to offer. Given the kind of society we have, we seem to be better at suburban life than we are any longer at either metropolitan or country life. Where are the largest sports, social, and arts clubs to be found? Where are the most enterprising schools, the most thriving political, civic, and church organisations? Not in the centre of the city unless they are supported by suburban residents—the most suburban-looking audiences I know are to be seen at the Festival Hall and the Old Vic—and certainly not in the countryside. Yet we still have the habit of talking of country villages, generally dominated by a small coterie of city workers who like to think they have succeeded in living 'really out', as being 'spoiled' by the encroachment of the suburbs. Visually, alas, a good deal of content can still be given to that phrase, but, apart from that, what exactly is being spoiled which did not vanish long ago? In terms of social life, the advance guard of the suburbs nearly always brings new vitality and new hope to the country community.

Here we can learn a great deal about ourselves from American experience. I have often heard English visitors, especially from southern England, deplore the lack of tradition in most parts of America, the marked social fluidity and the absence of a well-defined and familiar class system, all the things they fondly imagine we still possess in England. It is not surprising that they should fail to observe the really striking thing about America, that she has moved so far towards success in subduing modern technology to human purposes and that her chief instrument for doing so has been the suburb. T. S. Eliot once spoke of the people of this age as 'familiar with the roads and settled nowhere'. On the surface, that is pre-eminently true of America, the homeland of the 'drive-in'. Yet it is America which can point to the greatest success in creating genuine communities out of these intensely mobile, apparently rootless people, often drawn from the depressed areas of the inner city and the countryside. The speed with which these young people will create churches, community associations, dramatic groups, baby-sitters' circles, welfare organisations, and all the rest, in the midst of their square miles of standardised housing, makes them frequently out-distance even their literary prophets of woe, who disconcertingly find the most eager and perceptive audiences for their jeremiads upon the tameness and banality of suburban life in the suburbs themselves.

I do not want to be misunderstood in all this. I am not saying

that the suburb is the ideal community and that if we could turn England into one great built-up area, all would be well. We need to build new towns, where daily work and the rest of life can bear more relation to each other; and we certainly need to check the dreadful sprawl of housing over England. We badly need a new definition of the metropolis and its functions and of the responsibilities of its citizens towards it. Modern Birmingham shows the need for this even more than London does. But we shall meet none of these needs unless we start from where we are, and the suburb provides the best symbol of where we are, for good and for ill. We make no contribution to solving the problem of how to live in modern technological society by being clever enough to live 'really in' or 'really out', and then thanking God that we are not as our neighbour. We are as our neighbour, wherever we live.

Right Use of Initiative

Again, I am not suggesting that we should all concentrate on becoming good mixers and that no one should show a spirit of personal initiative and independence for fear of rocking the boat. What I am suggesting is that we should be clear about the situation in which these qualities have to be shown and not try to retreat from that situation into a fading world while we preen ourselves on showing initiative and independence in doing so. It is true that ours is a society in which we have to live very close to one another and where we easily get in one another's way. It is a society also in which we have to learn to make quick adjustments, settle down to work with people we do not know well, and give our loyalty to institutions which have little in the way of traditions. But I should say that that provided a fairly good situation in which to display qualities of initiative and independence and to apply fresh standards of social conduct. It is also one where, if a sufficient number of people fail to display these qualities, we shall find ourselves in the plight which threatens us at present, where vaguely defined social groups devote energies which could be more profitably employed to distinguishing themselves from other groups according to a subtle idea of status. Under modern conditions of life, that would not mean the restoration of England's former glory; it would mean her death. One good sign of the recovery of real social health would be a change of attitude, especially on the part of those who live 'really in' and 'really out', to the great multitude who live in between.

—Home Service

The Hand of Buddha

(In the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

The disciplines of virtue are exhausting,
Like sea into a sieve talking,
Everything strict yet fitly joyous,
Rigorous, but like the face of brick, porous.
Oh, yes, there are holes in it
Even though its structure is explicit:
Steadiness, and calm, and bravery—
Are some of its aspects, this foe of knavery.

There is a hand of Buddha in black marble
In a museum where the sunlight wobbles.
It is his right hand, gesturing skyward
Like Christ's or a policeman's hand forward;
Where it once directed, the byword
Was holiness or at least virtue—
The kind I am speaking of—
But only the palm could be seen, then, pointing to love.
Here, cut from its wrist, the back exposed, all the control,
The marvellous suppleness,
Are questioned by the sight of nails chipped,
Or, I like to think, chewed—as if to extol
(While reining in great anguish) harrowed the heart
By its holy, hard subtleness.

RALPH POMEROY

The Victorian Sunday Wasn't So Dull

By FREDERICK WILLIS

IN the eighteenth century, Doctor Johnson said: 'He that sees before him to his third dinner has a long prospect'. How true this was when I was young and social security was unknown! Yet I cannot remember being very depressed about it. I think circumstances and environment have less to do with our impressions of life than has our state of mind.

As a member of the class George Gissing wrote about, I never realised how miserable we ought to have been until I read Gissing. *The City of Dreadful Night* that he presented was a city of sunshine to me and my companions. It was very wrong of us, of course, but there it is; simply a state of mind. The same mental blindness made us unconscious of the dreadful Victorian Sunday we hear so much about in this gay new world. When a man works sixty-two hours a week and spends another twelve hours travelling backwards and forwards to work (as I did) he is in a favourable position to appreciate Sunday under any circumstances.

In the summer we first dressed in our Sunday best and spent an hour or so in Hyde Park listening to the band or watching rank and fashion on church parade. We felt such swells on Sundays that perhaps we fancied we looked like aristocrats. Actually, the West End was far more alive on Sunday than it is today. The rich people *lived* there before the days when motor-cars could take them out of London for half the week. They also walked about the streets more on Sunday, because the upper ten thought it bad form to have the carriage out on that day. Accordingly, the little green chairs in the park accommodated the Olympians besides such humble people as myself. The charge was only a penny, and for a brief but delightful interval that modest coin made the whole world kin. Dressmakers could sit beside duchesses and clerks mingled with Cabinet Ministers. We had always done so since the seventeenth century when the London apprentices disported themselves in their Sunday grandeur—frills, embroidered coats, and swords. In place of swords we carried walking sticks, beautiful productions with silver mounts which may have cost as much as two-and-sixpence.



'An hour or so in Hyde Park listening to the band'



The *Southend Belle* setting off on a day trip at the beginning of the century: Londoners could have 'twelve hours of life-giving air and rest for five shillings'

Illustrations: Hulton Picture Library

One of my companions had a weakness for jewellery which I didn't share. He had a gold ring on his finger and an elegant tiepin decorated his tie. But above all he cherished a massive silver watch-chain which spanned his fancy waistcoat in two graceful arcs. One Sunday we were making our exit from the park by way of Marble Arch and paused to survey the orators exercising the Englishman's privilege of free speech. We watched a pugnacious-looking fellow with a voice like a ship's siren.

'Oh, my friends!' he was saying. 'How long are you going to tolerate this iniquity? How long are you going to bow under the yoke of Mammon? Up, up the workers, you have nothing to lose but your chains!'

At this my friend looked down at his chain in comical alarm and said hurriedly: 'Come on, Fred! Let's hop it! I don't want to lose my chain!'

Sometimes in high summer we took a hint from the popular music hall song:

On a Sunday afternoon,
In the merry month of June
Take a trip up the River as far as Kew,
Then the tramcar to Hampton, as most folks do.

What better can the world offer than Kew Gardens in late May or early June? First the voyage on a fussy little steamer with its gay

awning. How delightful to watch the great arms of London getting weaker and weaker and at last surrendering to meadows and trees with their spring leaves of vivid green; then the Gardens and the flowers, and finally tea in the Pagoda. I wonder if George Gissing ever went to Kew Gardens in the merry month of June? Better still, I wonder if he ever took a girl there? This might have altered his whole outlook on life.

Those with youth and energy who preferred walking had some pleasant country within the eight-mile radius of Charing Cross. I recall a village on the south side of London that was a real village, with its inn gay with window-boxes full of geraniums, its pond, and its peace. All round were fields, some with watercress beds whose harvest was to be seen at London Bridge station early in the morning. I remember walking through this village one Sunday morning and being greeted by an old farm labourer in a smock, as farm labourers had greeted strangers for centuries. Today, that place has motor buses, petrol pumps, picture palaces, chain stores, motor show rooms and all the evidence of our improved standard of living. The fields and watercress beds are covered with factories, neon lights, zebra crossings, and other signs of modern progress.

It was the golden age for cyclists. All roads were theirs. Within sixteen miles was something for everybody: ancient churches, a Roman camp, the ruins of a royal palace with seven centuries of history, the grave of Napoleon III, and beautiful English country. What refreshment to cycle about this enchanting area fifty years ago! And then the quiet spin back in the gloaming with halts at favourite inns and no fear of a police doctor smelling your

breath to see if you were under the influence while in charge of a bicycle. True, it is all there still—with the exception of the beautiful country. That is now subtopia and the royal palace is as incongruous as a china ornament in a coal chute.

But the great Sunday adventure was a whole day's sea voyage for five shillings, the only summer holiday the majority of workers ever had. What a fleet was assembled at old Swan Pier for this purpose! The *Royal Sovereign*, the *Koh-i-Noor*, *La Marguerite*, and the *Golden Eagle* all steamed daily from London Bridge to Ramsgate, calling at Southend, Margate, and Broadstairs. We booked to Ramsgate and never left the ship, for generally by the time she reached her destination it was almost time to return. There was no need to go ashore, for everything was aboard, including hot dinner and bottled beer.

We usually had about twelve hours of life-giving air and rest for that five shillings, in addition to one of the most absorbing marine panoramas in the world. Who can say Londoners were not all the better for it? Of course, some were seasick even before they left their native Thames, and a few—a very few—came home with hop leaves in their hair owing to the strength of the bottled beer. But it is only fair to say they maintained that the bottled beer had nothing to do with their indisposition. 'It was the air—sea air—too strong, not used to it!'

To quote the old music hall song again:

They work hard on Monday,
But one day that's Fun Day
Is Sunday afternoon!

So, you see, Sunday was not so dull—it was something to make a song about.—*Home Service*

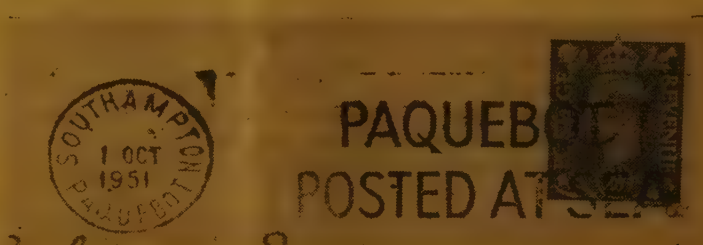
Specialisation in Stamp-collecting

By EWART GERRISH

WHEN I began stamp-collecting fifty-four years ago my album was, of course, ruled in squares—all different was the motif, with perhaps a little cheating on colours when, in my juvenile innocence, I plunged fugitive inks into a bath of water. Identification had its problems, and I still remember how my nanny and I fruitlessly searched the atlas for a country called Correos. At frequent intervals the number of stamps in the album was recorded on the final page, and all forms of postal stationery and fiscals helped to swell the steadily mounting numbers. The ruled square was a dominant factor, and, alas, a family correspondence from New Zealand, rich with multiple Chalon heads, was desecrated to fit those all important spaces. Nonetheless, my one small album embraced the whole world and I was launched as a general collector.

Today, when I look at my hundred or so albums, I am appalled by the minute part of the globe contained between their covers—in other words I have become a specialist and must face the charge of knowing more and more about less and less. Fifty-five years ago a complete collection of the whole world would have needed 18,000 stamps: today Stanley Gibbons' simplified catalogue lists over 94,600, based on the simplest lines. With the magnitude of even a partial completion so greatly increased, an early limitation of the field of endeavour is a natural sequence. The first step will often be the restriction of one's stamps to those of Europe or the British Empire.

Either of these collections, though, is so vast in scope that, although a limit has been placed on the stamps to be acquired, it must still be regarded as a general collection. It is from this stage, when the pleasures of analysis and research become greater than those of pride of possession, that the specialist is born. The decision may be gradual and the reasons for the choice will be legion, but the specialist will find himself inevitably moving along one



'Maritime markings have a joy all their own'

or more of three different pathways to knowledge: the production of the stamp; the story of its postal use; and the design and theme of the stamp itself.

Perhaps the greatest attraction in collecting lies in the free choice that the specialist can make to suit his own particular skill and mind. The craftsman may prefer a study of the method of printing, the reasons for printing mistakes or failures and how they were remedied; the historian may delight in countries where national fortunes have changed; the traveller may find his pleasure in the routes taken by the mail, be it land, sea, or air; the antiquarian in letters travelling long before the advent of postage stamps; the artist may prefer the design on the stamp itself. But whatever be the taste, it will be sure to have its adherents in one of the trends of modern specialisation.

The production of the stamp was the earliest form of study. It continues today and forms an essential background to future knowledge. A great deal of the joy of the chase is to find and recognise the abnormal, whether it occur in printing, perforation, shade, cancellation, or use. To do this one must first establish the facts of normality, and these are nowhere more important than in the detail of production. What method of



The Parliamentary Conference cancellation of 1957



Pre-adhesive Arms of Bremen, hand struck, August 28, 1840

printing was used? Line-engraving, letterpress, or lithography? How many plates or transfers were required?

A great many of the classics were examples of the engraver's art, and each stamp on the sheet may bear some sign of the burin in an endeavour to strengthen or touch up a portion of the design before printing; the transfer roller may be re-entered into the plate to supply some missing feature. All this is grist to the specialist, for no chronicle or record may exist of these early days. This gave—and still gives—scope for a jigsaw puzzle on highly organised lines to determine the history of production, the size and number of plates, and to locate the plate position of an individual stamp without, as in Great Britain, any help from the design in the form of alphabet letters.

To do this requires a great deal of material which may now be both scarce and expensive. Not many can hope to accumulate these early pioneers, but in many cases, as with all true students, the evidence has been set out. Even though one's treasured possession is perhaps a solitary copy, its plate position can be readily determined from the record of research already done, research that may have involved the pooling of several collections and years of study before the truth finally emerged. This field is by no means exhausted, but the modern age of increasing mechanical skill is lessening the variety of new printing problems coming before the student, even though many splendid collections are being made to emphasise the range of cylinder flaws that photogravure can provide.

The specialist will recognise differing papers, measure their thickness, be knowledgeable about original gum, and will have studied the increasing efficiency of serration, from the scissors, knife, or tear of a century ago, through rouletted cuts and perforation holes, both line and comb, that were too large or too small, to the easy separation of today. He will have a detailed knowledge of dates and shades, although many of these can be established only through use, and earliest known dates still lose pride of place as old archives disgorge their early correspondence.

The story of postal use has grown tremendously in recent years, with the study of cancellations, postmarks, and their purpose, as a main feature. I use the word 'cancellation' to represent that which renders the stamp invalid for further use, and 'postmark' to record the date of use, if separate from the cancellor, 'Too Late', 'Insufficiently Paid', 'Registered', or other delivery or service instructions.

This study of the history of the posts lends itself to many subdivisions. The travelling post office will record, in the earlier years, the progress of railway development, and later the varying

routes and rapidity of transit. Maritime markings have a joy all their own, from the ship letter, where the master was paid a small fee for each letter handed over, to the more modern *paquebot* in operation at the present time to indicate that the letter has been written and posted on board ship. Wreck covers salvaged from bygone shipping disasters add their history, with the lapse of time to take away the sadness and pathos of the disaster. Quarantine mail—disinfected on its arrival—is another story from the sea.

Air mail is a subject all to itself, with the letters somewhat optimistically flown by balloon from the siege of Paris in 1870 leading this form of travel. The classics here are naturally the pioneer ocean flights of Ross Smith, Hawker, and De Pinedo, to mention a few. With the vast increase in mail carried by air, I wonder how long this will be a specialised service, or when all mail travelling any distance will automatically be carried by air—and no doubt, at some date, by rocket—to the extent that current air-mail covers of years hence will be a completely normal,

rather than any form of specialised, collecting.

By study of cancellation we identify, for example, the Chinese Treaty Ports, or stamps of Mauritius used in Seychelles. Less than 100 years ago British stamps were used in all parts of the world at some 150 offices, and can only be recognised by their letter and numerals—a recognition that may turn a common stamp into one of considerable scarcity. Collecting entire covers has grown apace—they often tell the complete history of rate and route, while the stamps of two countries sometimes found on the same letter may have an interesting significance when studied by the expert. Campaign covers

may well relate hardships of the Crimea, the slow progress of the Boer War, the battles between the North and South in America, the emergencies of world war or occupation and, perhaps, ensuing plebiscite.

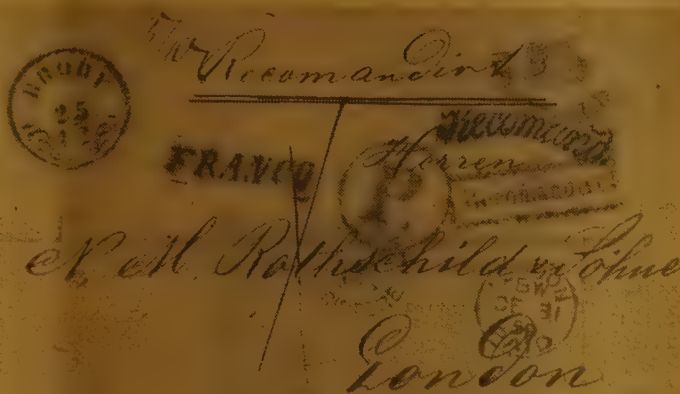
Adhesives' poor brother, postal stationery, has grown greatly in interest, and may one day stand proudly beside his more famous gummed relative. Recently I much enjoyed an evening when the lecture dealt with the reply-paid coupon. Until this specialist study was given, few appreciated the possibilities of this service, established in 1906, and the steps taken during that time to conform with international monetary changes.

The pre-adhesive missive must have a special mention. Here we can trace the hand-struck cancellation right back to the middle of the seventeenth century, and the study of the complete letter, normally to be paid on arrival, can be a satisfying task for the specialist without the acquisition of a single postage stamp. In the hands of the expert, Waghorn and the story of the Counts of Thurn and Taxis come alive; we can study feathers of many colours indicating express delivery in Scandinavia, or go back to the Middle Ages with the Venetian post and their delightful instruction that men who became messengers must be well set up and free from the allure of women.

My third group is the design and theme of the stamp itself. Here I include, rather on the border-line, stamps of a particular reign, those of George V and George VI having numerous adherents, while the present issues of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth add the relish of fresh acquisition and surprise as new series or shade appears, with the added benison, perhaps, of a first-day cover which, although often carrying no written message to the recipient, will definitely tie down the shade and detail of the stamp on its inaugural appearance.

True 'thematic', or collecting to a theme, relates to a subject based on the picture on the stamp. While the pure philatelist or postal historian may feel he wants a little more meat than this,

(continued on page 699)



A letter which travelled from Austria to England via Germany in 1859, bearing four registration marks and an encircled P, all applied in transit

NEWS DIARY

April 16-22

Wednesday, April 16

Western Powers tell Russia they are ready to begin preparatory talks for a summit conference

In France M. Gaillard's Government falls after being defeated in National Assembly over its Tunisian policy

Dr. Adenauer, Federal German Chancellor, arrives in London on a three-day visit

British Transport Commission and railway unions appoint committee under chairmanship of Sir Brian Robertson to study railway wages dispute

Thursday, April 17

Nationalists returned to power in South Africa's general election

Defence Ministers of Nato, meeting in Paris, agree on a West European arms pool

Results of London County Council elections give Labour Party their biggest majority yet

Friday, April 18

The Prime Minister agrees to a meeting next week with representatives of the British Transport Commission and the railway unions

Russia accuses United States of endangering peace by sending aircraft carrying nuclear weapons towards her territory, and asks for meeting of U.N. Security Council to discuss the matter

General Maurice Gamelin, Allied C.-in-C. in 1940, dies aged eighty-five

Saturday, April 19

American defence chiefs say that it is impossible for their nuclear bombers to start a war accidentally

More British troops sent to Aden from Kenya

Sunday, April 20

Princess Margaret arrives in Trinidad by air from London for her tour of the West Indies

Fourteen Greek Cypriots detained after bomb explosions at an army base in Cyprus

Monday, April 21

H.M. the Queen celebrates her thirty-second birthday

Mr. Minto, Prime Minister of Malta, resigns

About 1,700 meat-haulage drivers begin unofficial strike at Smithfield over wage claim

Tuesday, April 22

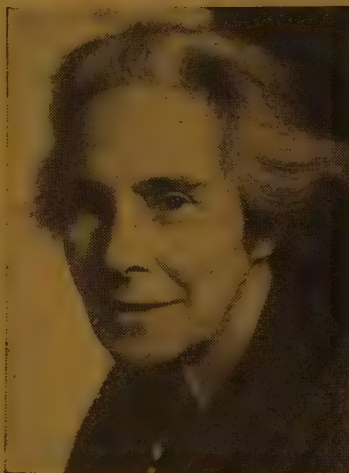
Prime Minister meets members of British Transport Commission and leaders of three railway unions to discuss unions' pay claims

London Transport Executive rejects wage claims of 18,000 workers on underground railways

Russia withdraws her resolution before Security Council complaining of flights of American aircraft carrying nuclear weapons towards Soviet territory



Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the Federal German Chancellor, who paid a three-day visit to this country last week, photographed with the Queen when he dined with Her Majesty at Windsor Castle on April 16

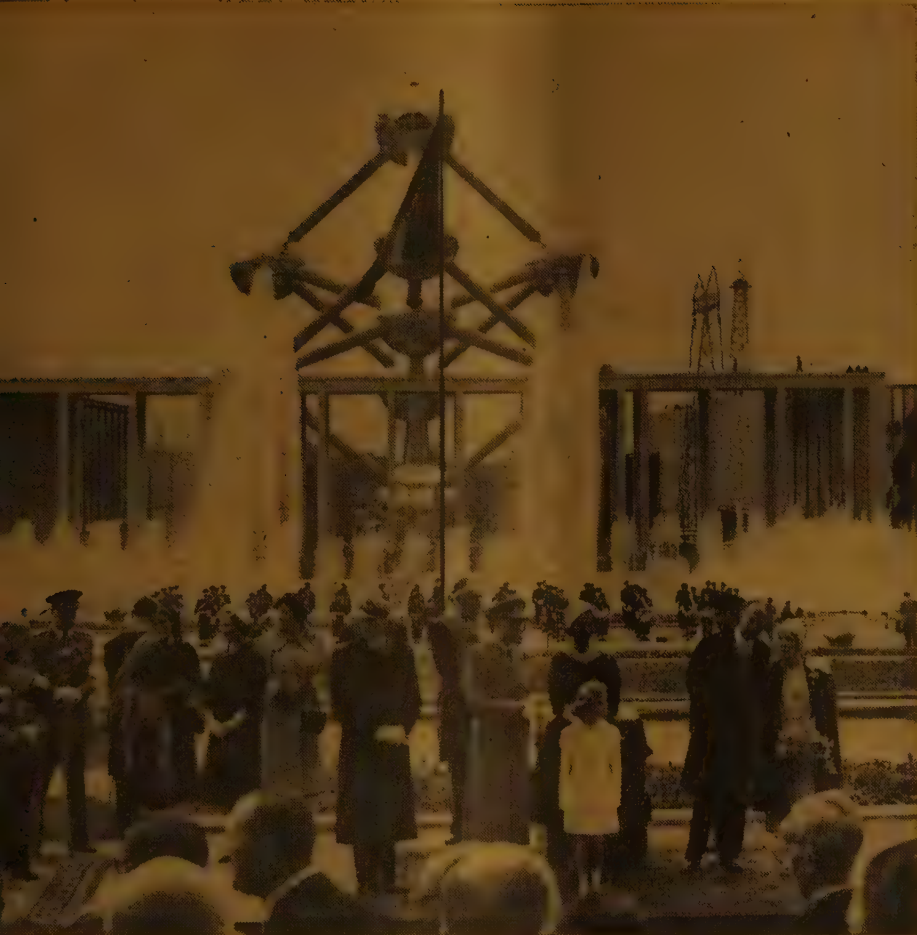


Miss Margery Fry, who died on April 21, aged eighty-four. A great authority on prison reform, she was associated for a long period with the Howard League and was its secretary for seven years. Miss Fry was a former Principal of Somerville College, Oxford, and was also one of the first woman magistrates. She was a Governor of the B.B.C. from 1937 to 1939



Miss Sheila Willcox, who won the three-day Badminton horse trials last year for the second year in succession, taking a jump on High and Mighty. The trials were watched by the Queen (who presented the trophies) and members of the royal family

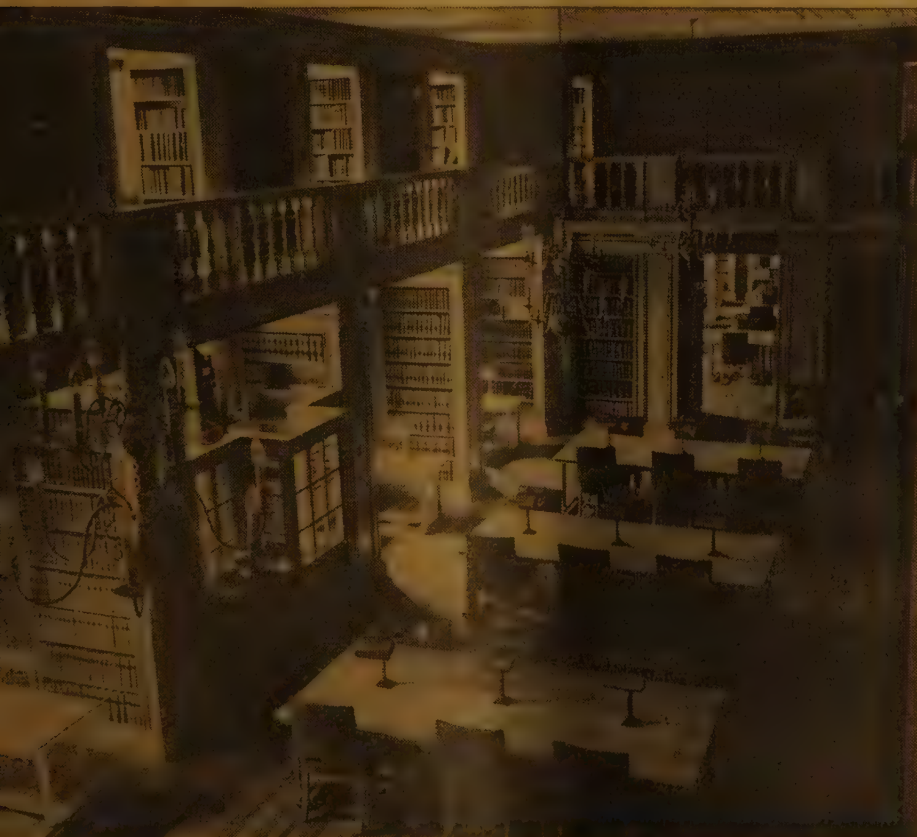




Members of the Belgian royal family at the opening of the 1958 Universal and International Exhibition in Brussels on April 17. King Baudouin (fourth from the right) performed the ceremony



A new portrait of Princess Margaret who is now making a tour of the West Indies. Her Royal Highness opened the new Federal Parliament in Trinidad on April 22



Interior of the new Inner Temple library which was opened on April 21 by the Master of the Bench, Sir Patrick Spens, Q.C. The original library was destroyed in the war

Crowds enjoying the sunshine in St. James's Park, London, last Sunday when, on the first day of summer time, temperatures in southern England rose into the sixties



Members of Britain's first guided weapon regiment being trained last week in the use of a 'Corporal' missile at a base in southern England

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E.S.I. Question Master

Careers in Electricity Supply

This is an extract from a recorded interview with Mr. Telford, who joined the Electricity Supply Industry as a Graduate Trainee.

“...you can have a go at whatever you want”



Mr. Telford

Question Master: I think we might begin by asking what was your first job in Electricity Supply after your training was finished?

Mr. Telford: Well, my training was interrupted by the war, and it was only in 1950 that I finished my graduate course in the industry. I was then appointed Shift Charge Engineer at Frome, Somerset—a small station but an excellent training ground. From there I went to Earley—a much bigger station of 120 megawatts—as Boiler House Shift Engineer; later I became Charge Engineer there, and for a while was Efficiency Engineer, as well.

Q.M.: Your next step was London, wasn't it?

Telford: Yes, I came to London as Second Assistant Engineer on the Divisional Staff, and later I was

appointed Deputy Superintendent at Bankside Generating Station—the position which I hold now.

Q.M.: Bankside is a pretty big station, and at 36 you're young, aren't you, to be a Deputy Superintendent? But what made you come to London in the first place?

Telford: A chance came along to get some administrative experience at H.Q. level, and I thought I'd better take it.

Q.M.: Does the Industry give many opportunities like that?

Telford: It most certainly does. It gives you a complete opportunity to have a go at whatever you want, and what you think you're best equipped for. The man who wants to get on is helped in every possible way; I've attended several courses run by the Industry, not only on technical

matters, but on subjects like personnel selection and industrial relations.

Q.M.: You find your job gives you scope for managerial ability—dealing with people as well as machines?

Telford: Yes, indeed. I don't think there are many better opportunities than in a power station, because you have something of everything. You have the mechanical side, the electrical side, the building side—and most of all, a number of people with varied interests and jobs.

Q.M.: Now a word about newcomers to the industry. If you have a chap of ability who is prepared to get down to the task, what would you say his opportunities were like?

Telford: I would say that he has really splendid opportunities. For one

thing, a career in the industry is established on a very firm footing—you could do without a lot of things, but it's impossible to get on nowadays without electrical energy.

Another point worth remembering is that a man coming into the industry has the choice of the entire country to work in, and there's no parochial approach.

We'd like to publish more of this interview but there isn't space. For details of the many careers in the Electricity Supply Industry and the salaried training schemes available, ask at your local Generating or Distribution Board's offices, or write direct to:

**The Education and Training Officer,
The Electricity Council,
52 Winsley Street, London, W.1.**

(continued from page 695)

thematic collecting offers a wide variety to suit all pockets and has undoubtedly increased in popularity. Many interesting collections have been put together, some by quite young collectors, where everyday subjects such as railway engines, steamers, flowers, churches, the International Scout Jamboree, all have their adherents. Issues abound with a premium to benefit child welfare, the Red Cross, and cultural funds of every description. There are also athletic events, and the Olympic Games from Athens in 1896 right up to date can make

a most interesting study, with the added flavour of special cancellations for their use.

Fortunately there is no finality in choice, and indeed there is a degree of fashion in specialisation, as in so many other interests of life. An interest in photography, the ability to write up one's study with beautifully executed drawings, may link with an interest for setting out, many times their normal size, minute flaws in design to be appreciated by the naked eye. The ability to write up attractively has undoubtedly developed in recent years, and photographs of coral reefs, pictures of famous buildings, per-

haps birds of gay plumage, will all lend added visual pleasure to a thematic study.

While many collectors today are specialists of one kind or another, there is almost infinite freedom and choice in the precise form of pleasure and study. The collector may join a specialist society where all members have similar tastes, but in the end, and subject only to honesty of conclusion, he can make his own rules without fear of being answered back by the subject of his study. For the busy mind, what better anodyne can there be than collecting stamps?—*Network Three*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Why Britain Loses Orders for Export

Sir,—Referring to my broadcast about Anglo-Portuguese trade (printed in THE LISTENER of March 20), Mr. D. F. Campbell writes of the £10,000,000 steel-industry contract lost to the Germans in Portugal. He also speaks of my 'ill-informed statements'. Perhaps Mr. Campbell is here referring to the fact that the value of the contract lost by his company is now known to have been nearer £17,000,000? I note that Mr. Campbell makes no attempt to point out which of my statements he finds ill-informed. Perhaps he knows now that before venturing to criticise certain British exporters to this country I spent two and a half years studying Anglo-Portuguese trade relations here in Portugal?

I am sure Mr. Campbell has many complimentary letters from Portuguese friends. The Portuguese are a very polite people. But would Mr. Campbell not have preferred just one per cent. of the lost contract to a file full of letters expressing confidence in the technical ability of the consortium which he represents?

Mr. Campbell claims that the loss of the contract 'was primarily due to the credit terms offered by the Belgo-German consortium . . . who were able to offer coke supplies'. I have the best possible grounds for believing that neither the Board of Trade nor the customer in question would agree with this. Beyond this point the rest should, in Mr. Campbell's own interests, be silence.

Mr. Lawrence E. M. Rich is on far safer ground. Indeed I should be happy to write up local complaints against Britain's trade rivals if Mr. Rich can produce someone willing to publish the result. I share the pride of Mr. Rich in the export achievements of the British motor car industry which, I note, now supplies about one in every three of the cars imported by the United States. In Portugal Britain supplies less than one in every nine. Last year, for example, Volkswagen sales alone outnumbered total British car sales and Opels almost equalled them. Even French cars have now outpaced British in this hard currency country and the Italians are pulling up on us. The best selling British car in Portugal is only eighth in order of popularity.

Yours, etc.,

JAMES R. WHITE

Lisbon

Coventry: Test-case of Planning

Sir,—As one who had long been repelled by the pictures of new buildings at Coventry—I have not had the stomach to visit the place lately—I wondered how Mr. Johnson-Marshall (in THE LISTENER of April 17) would endeavour to justify them. I was not over-sanguine; for I have never yet read a coherent defence of 'modern' architecture. But Mr. Johnson-Marshall seemed to me to say less than nothing. He uttered stray dogmas, which merely left one more critical than before.

For instance, he seems to think it a good thing to clear part of the city-centre for a park, even where the city is fairly small. Should not one be careful here? Our ancestors judged it the natural centre for traffic and business; and, where they judged correctly, the town grew. Is it good to pay high compensation and disrupt too much of a town to create something that can never be country? Acres of greenery in a town are no substitute for urbane architecture.

Then he would distort the road-system even more by creating shopping precincts. Surely these cannot be very large, or how could lorries discharge goods at the shops? How will buses take old people to their shopping? Some modification of the Edwardian arcades at Leeds would seem the best arrangement for modern towns. Here one has a sensible rectangular grid of streets, with parallel arcades between them. To make the system fool-proof one has only to devise safe intersections of arcades and streets. Our speaker did not seem to understand the principle of shop-display, in any case. For he seemed to think that acres of merchandise, as displayed in that brutally ugly building, the Bijenkorf, at Rotterdam, actually enticed one inside. I fear they have never attracted me, even in a junk-shop. I prefer a normal shop-window.

How at Coventry does one relate not only shops and traffic, but also the commercial and administrative centres? Such things were thought out very carefully by the builders of Imperial Rome. But, to judge from his silence, Mr. Johnson-Marshall does not think them worth discussion. He merely says that the centre of Coventry is better now, because Mr. Spence has turned the cathedral through ninety degrees. Surely, the cathedral is much worse. For so wilful an act is an outrage upon Christian symbolism—a symbolism more important to

many and far less arbitrary than Mr. Johnson-Marshall's whereby an 'acoustic wedge-shape' (with or without crinkled sides?) proclaims an auditorium, a 'parabolic vault' a covered market.

I was completely mystified by the account of planning at one and the same moment for present and future societies in Coventry.

This talk had no logical order. It did not describe the physical nature of the site, the specific needs of the citizens, the types of building specifically required to meet them, or the possible arrangements of these on the ground. So long as his lectures are rambling and obscure, a modern architect cannot expect the educated public to trust him as a designer. The same logic and lucidity must necessarily underlie both a plan and its verbal exposition. But in any case it is too evident, from the state of our newer towns, that they are the creations of muddled thinkers.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

HUGH PLOMMER

London's Changing Skyline

Sir,—A purely factual report in THE LISTENER of April 17 on 'London's Changing Skyline' concludes with the statement that 'if planning permission is given, there may be hotels in Park Lane and Lancaster Gate that are more than 300 feet high . . .' Perhaps you will allow me to voice a few thoughts on this controversial subject.

The idea of having these very tall buildings in London may appeal to some people as dramatic and exciting, and in tune with the spirit of the times. Much has been written about the beauty of the American skyscrapers, especially New York's, and, although individually most of them are of no great consequence as works of art, the total effect is certainly sensational: while structurally the achievement is a brilliant one.

London, however, is a city with an entirely different character. The appeal of London, originating as it did in a number of separate towns and villages, resides primarily in its informality, with large landscaped parks, and even private gardens, quite close to its centre. This has disadvantages: people have to travel long distances. But our city has preserved an essentially human scale. Possibly London's most unpopular building is Queen Anne's Mansions, of 1876-88, and the primary reason is that this

monster which is seen from afar, is inhuman. Let it be a warning.

It seems to me that we have got to decide, once for all, whether we are going to abandon the human values which are to the fore in London and launch out towards the creation of another megapolis, or not. New York is exciting, especially at night, but human beings walking its streets are reduced to the proportion of insects. Moreover, New York has no Georgian streets to dwarf or tear down.

The worst fate of all would be to find ourselves with one, and only one skyscraper rising over a wide area. This is what happens in certain American cities: Providence, Rhode Island, for example, or Hartford, Connecticut. There the single skyscraper, visible from a considerable distance, is not Salisbury spire, nor even the Eiffel Tower, but a commercial building: and the effect on the spirit is debilitating. At Antwerp a single skyscraper, the property of a bank, now shares the upper air with the cathedral spire, and there are many who feel that this, too, is, to say the least, an impropriety. In Washington, on the other hand, no commercial buildings, under any pretext whatever, may rise above a certain height, with the result that the great public buildings stand out as they should do, above all in a capital city.

On the South Bank the decision to allow a skyscraper has unfortunately been taken, but in the West End there is still time for a point-blank refusal. I hope fervently that the L.C.C. will not give way. For a great deal, surely, is at stake.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7 ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

Architecture of the Stage

Sir,—Does not Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, in his talk on 'Architecture of the Stage' (THE LISTENER, April 10), somewhat over-simplify the history of playhouse development during the last three centuries? I appreciate that his purpose was to outline the case, with which I am wholeheartedly in agreement, for a new-old approach to the production of Shakespeare's plays; for the 'open stage' of the Elizabethan theatre and of Ontario, as against the illusionist, picture-frame theatre. But there is more than the production of Shakespeare's plays at stake in considering the design of a modern playhouse.

The picture reproduced in THE LISTENER of 'As You Like It' at Drury Lane in 1842 shows clearly: first, that the spectators were not all 'faced in the same direction', but in some vestigial manner were still partly surrounding the actors; and, secondly, that the actors were not confined inside the picture-frame but had the advantage of a considerable expanse of forestage in front of the proscenium.

It is also worth noting that the auditorium was illuminated during the performance, which would be anathema to the illusionist theatre. It was only in the second half of the nineteenth century that the true picture-frame or peepshow stage was perfected.

There was in fact considerable change and development in the playhouse from the Restoration theatre, in which the actors played almost entirely on a deep forestage in front of the proscenium, to the late Victorian theatre, in which the actors were finally and totally banished to within the picture-frame and behind the proscenium. This development is of the utmost

importance, for it demonstrates that (as indeed one would expect) it is in the nature of the playhouse to change with the passing of time. This historical fact, properly understood, underlines the inevitability of the picture-frame theatre being eventually replaced by—what?

Mr. Guthrie expresses the view that plays should be presented on stages which conform as nearly as possible to the sort of stage which the authors envisaged when they wrote. This is one important part of the case for building adaptable theatres, such as the experimental theatre which The Questors are now engaged in building at Ealing. But what of the plays yet to be written? What sort of stage will their authors be able to envisage? It is even more important to create the right kind of stage for the unborn plays of the dramatists-to-be than for the plays of Shakespeare. This is a second and powerful argument for an adaptable theatre in which all known forms of staging and perhaps new forms too can be experimented with and developed.

The natural process of change of the playhouse has been artificially arrested for some eighty years; the importance of such an undertaking as Mr. Guthrie's at Stratford, Ontario, is not merely that it creates conditions in which the plays of Shakespeare can again be played as they should be, but that it helps to restore conditions in which this natural process of change may be resumed. That, too, is the point of The Questors' scheme.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.5

ALFRED E. J. EMMET

Sir,—Since there are few open- or arena-stage productions in Britain, the average theatre-goer takes the conventions of the picture-frame stage as the norm, and if he sees an open production he may be upset by the absence of these familiar conventions. But familiarity does not make them necessary or even desirable.

The theatre is a spectacle of live human beings acting out a drama: the painted cloth, plaster, and machinery which have accreted through the ages serve an incidental purpose that can nowadays be more convincingly fulfilled by the cinema and television. The theatre must assert its individuality—the live players—or be ousted by the big and small screens.

Mr. Gibbs-Smith is prepared, reluctantly, to dispense with scenery, but he cannot bear to look at a backdrop of fellow spectators. This is surely a matter of habit. In my experience—as a delighted spectator, as well as an amateur arena-stage producer and actor—I find that the shadowed concentration at the opposite side of the stage provides an apt setting for what is, after all, a group occasion. But, above all, Mr. Gibbs-Smith is upset by not seeing the actors' facial expressions. Can he really see them from the gallery, or even the middle stalls, of a picture-frame theatre? Can he tell the difference between a smile and a sneer, without the voice and the context to prompt him? He wants to see them fanned out to face the audience because he is accustomed to seeing them thus, not because it adds to their communication.

The open stage brings the actors out into a real third dimension, where they act and react directly—not obliquely—one on another; it gives them greater freedom of movement; and by removing the proscenium arch and scenery that overshadow them, it throws all the emphasis on the human drama. These strong aids to com-

munication, I find, make it superfluous for the actors' faces to be visible all the time. In any case, the producer is not concerned with making his cast 'turn from side to side' so as to show their faces to every sector of the audience. That they do turn results from the freedom of the open stage: for except with plays that are closely adjusted to the picture-frame stage, an open-stage producer rarely finds himself obliged to invent movement for movement's sake.

Mr. Gibbs-Smith's complaint that he could not hear properly when the actors were facing away from him is better directed at the auditorium than the open-stage system. Where the acoustics are good there is no such inconvenience.

I do not expect readers to accept my dogmatic and subjective statements: I merely hope that they will not accept Mr. Gibbs-Smith's and will not judge the open or arena stage 'for ever' by a single production.

Yours, etc.,

Paris, 18e

WILLIAM JOHNSON

Sir,—Mr. Tyrone Guthrie says that we must 'get rid of the dangerous illusion of theatrical illusion'. All illusion? Surely, while I am in the theatre, I must accept and see Hamlet as the Prince of Denmark, not as the well-known actor, John Smith, in fancy dress? And the play must open, for me, on the battlements of Elsinore, not on the boards of any stage, rectangular or round?

Yours, etc.,

Arundel

MARTIN HERNE

Shakespeare's Birthday

Sir,—I should be sorry to see St. George's Day turned into St. William's by indiscriminate bardolatry, but it does seem a pity that this year, as last year, the B.B.C. has no production to celebrate the conventional Birthday. It is not only up to Stratford to keep the flags flying. May I raise my own small banner to see which way the wind is blowing? The suggestion I wish to put forward has been mentioned already to the Drama Department.

I should first pay a tribute to the Marlowe Society, whose enterprise in undertaking to make available the whole of Shakespeare on long-playing records by the quater-centenary year 1964 is admirable. It could revolutionise the teaching of Shakespeare in schools as a book subject and introduce our children to the plays as living poetry. It will make possible what is not practicable in the conditions of our theatre, study of the plays in performance in something like the order of composition, or of the related groups into which they fall.

But, as several reviewers have remarked elsewhere, there is no real substitute for full delivery by the best actors. Not the least useful result of the Marlowe's venture is that it may jolt us into asking whether we are ever going to do anything about this; and in particular if we cannot do it in 1964. The haphazard order of the Old Vic's nearly completed five-year plan, and the fact that box-office considerations seem to limit English films of Shakespeare to one great principal actor, show that it is useless to look to the stage or the screen for what is wanted.

Whatever else has been wrong with our theatre since the war, it has been a period of great Shakespearean performances, many of them

heard only at Stratford-on-Avon. In the past we have had to accept the ephemeral nature of acting as a condition of the insubstantial pageant. Modern recording technique has given us the chance to preserve, while there is yet time, the finest performances of this age; and very little we have done so far to take it. Yet it is hard to think of any artistic asset that would be of more value to the life of the nation and to our cultural influence and prestige abroad.

One's thought turns inevitably to the B.B.C., still our greatest public service for large-scale projects of this kind. What is possible here is foreshadowed by such successful series as the *Histories* cycle first broadcast in 1947. The willingness of our greatest Shakespearean actors

to collaborate in a good cause is indicated by the 'Henry VIII' broadcast in 1954 in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the appearance on our stage of Dame Sybil Thorndike. The cast then included Dame Sybil, Sir Lewis Casson, Robert Donat, Sir John Gielgud, Vivien Leigh, Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Ralph Richardson, Paul Scofield, and many other actors of first distinction.

It should be possible, if preparations were begun fairly soon, for the B.B.C. to secure such artists at their own convenience for pre-recordings to be stock-piled for 1964. The B.B.C. could then broadcast all the plays of Shakespeare in the last three quarters (about one a week) in chronological or some other significant order.

It could also make available the recordings overseas. The project is ambitious, but if it should be done it can be done. It would do much to restore confidence which has been shaken by recent changes in B.B.C. policy, and at a time when the Charter will be reviewed. It would be a worthy national celebration of the quatercentenary. It would be a unique record of a great era of Shakespearean playing. It would arouse interest throughout the country and the English-speaking world. It would put the B.B.C. back where it belongs, in the forefront of the institutions that transmit our culture to the country and the world.

Yours, etc.,
London, N.W.2 ROY WALKER

Pressure Groups in the United States

(continued from page 680)

difference to the President's programme for peace, but it may make a great difference to a Congressman's district or to his own political fortunes. The trouble is that one commodity times 531 members of Congress can spell disaster for the economics and consequently the diplomacy of the free world. Unless some voice—and in the American system of government as presently constituted it can only be the President's—counteracts with aggressive leadership particularistic claims of individual pressures, policy may easily become the morbid residue of blind armies that have clashed the previous night. No one should underestimate the dangers of this kind of policy-making in the kind of world in which we live—especially since the United States is looked to for free world leadership.

What can be done about the evils of pressure-group activity in a government of splintered powers? Obviously pressure groups could not be abolished without destroying basic constitutional guarantees. Good pressure groups can hardly be separated from bad pressure groups except on a subjective basis, and one man's pressure group is another man's sacred right of petition.

America has tried to answer some of these dilemmas with a single weapon: disclosure. Since 1890, which marked the passage of the first lobby registration act (it was adopted in the State of Massachusetts), almost two-thirds of the States and the national government have passed laws requiring the public registration of lobbyists and their financial backers. This registration has been upheld as constitutional by the Supreme Court. Experience has shown, however, that a lobby registration law without loopholes is impossible to write. The consequence has been that a vast amount of lobbying has gone on under different names, and some of the largest and most frightening centres of private power in the American society have entirely escaped the registration net.

What are the real protections against the evils of lobbying—granted that most lobbying is not evil, and that a free society cannot exist without the open petitions of pressure groups? In the United States it is my belief that strengthened national party organisations with adequate financial resources of their own would be the

most impressive contributions towards containing the power of lobbies when such power becomes inordinate. I say this because I cannot help but feel that a virtual monopoly of campaign funds in the hands of private interests which dole out money to political candidates on the basis of whim and self-interest is the single most corrupting force in American public life. If a Congressman receives campaign funds from a national party committee whose source of revenue is widely dispersed, the parochialisms of local interests may to some extent be countered, and a Congressman may have an inducement to be loyal to the party agreements hammered out on the anvils of intra-party compromise and national necessity. Without financial support from a responsible national party headquarters, Congressmen are left to make their peace with powerful local interests which may or may not represent the best interests of the Congressman's district, let alone the broader national interest.

Such a strengthening of the place of the national party committees would not be easy to attain, but it is far easier to attain, I believe, than constitutional amendments to effect, for instance, a parliamentary form of government. Already at least one of the major parties has attempted to strengthen and to diversify its financial support, and through a special advisory committee has attempted to develop national programmes which might knit the executive and legislative wings of the party together. These are hopeful signs—although they do not touch the level of state and local government in the United States—where pressure groups are often extraordinarily powerful.

Until we can develop more responsible national parties in the United States we must depend for protection against the excesses of certain pressure groups upon the ethics of our civil servants, the sense of devotion to duty, and the leadership of our elected officials—notably the President—and upon the publicity that a merciless free press, registration laws, and competing group interests give to those who would use the powers of government for venal or selfish ends.

These are not insignificant weapons. They are kept sharp by the ultimate protection—the decency of the people. The ultimate faith of the

votary of democracy, after all, is in the illogical logic of the aphorism of the late Franklin P. Adams: 'The average man is above the average'.—*Third Programme*

MOUNT EVEREST, during the course of the thirty or so years between the first reconnaissance and eventual ascent, has been inevitably overwritten. There is now nothing more to say about it, since the account of one climb is much the same as another. Nevertheless, it would be a pity if *Coronation Everest*, by James Morris (Faber, 16s.), escaped attention, for it is in many ways the best book of the lot.

James Morris was attached to the 1953 expedition as *The Times* Special Correspondent. He had never done any climbing before; but his stamina and enterprise were such that not only did he succeed in getting high on the mountain by practically his own unaided efforts, but he was able to help the climbers in numerous ways. His selection says much for Sir John Hunt's ability to spot a winner.

Wisely, Mr. Morris says practically nothing about the details of the actual climb, although his scattered comments add up to a better picture of it than any of the official accounts. His story is concerned with collecting the news and getting it from the Base Camp back to London. In earlier expeditions there was never any particular difficulty about this. *The Times* bought the rights in all despatches and syndicated them to such other papers as were interested. But in 1953 conditions were different; there seems to have been a foregone conclusion that this time the mountain really would be climbed. *The Times* once again had taken all rights in the official despatches; but there is no copyright in actual 'news', and several other papers had sent correspondents into the field. None of these was accredited, as was Mr. Morris, to the expedition, but it was their job to try to get their stories back to London before anything appeared in the pages of *The Times*. In the event none of them succeeded, and the account here given of the ways adopted by the author to outwit his competitors is not only extremely amusing but almost a text for aspiring foreign correspondents. *Coronation Everest*, though admittedly light-hearted, is extremely well written.

Art

The Vegetarians

By DAVID SYLVESTER

IL faisait du bifteck' was Brancusi's way of dismissing Michelangelo (*Tout-dé-même, je ne veux pas dire mal d'un copain*), he added, with a wry charm—each time, alas!). It is interesting that when Brancusi, or any other sculptor of the modern Paris school, wishes to vilify a fellow-sculptor for stooping to depict human flesh and muscle without making any bones about it, he uses *bifteck* as a symbol for these substances. Now, *bifteck* is the classic symbol for the good life in the usage of the *homme moyen sensuel*—a symbol, that is, not of immoderate luxury but of those basic material comforts which every decent bourgeois Frenchman thinks he has a right to. *Bifteck* is thus a symbol of bourgeois materialism and bourgeois complacency. To throw the word *bifteck* at a sculptor who represents human flesh is therefore a way of identifying him with all that is gross, stupid, and conventional. But gross above all: materialistic. The crime of Western art (*depuis le moyen âge*) was its materialism.

Brancusi was not given to making precise statements of his positive beliefs, except that he was all for purity and simplicity and serenity. It is well known that he was inspired by the religious poetry of an eleventh-century Tibetan monk, but this means little enough: to appreciate the Wisdom of the East is something that no civilised Westerner in the twentieth century has failed to do. But if his verbal statements tell us little, Brancusi's iconography and style suggest fairly conclusively that he was a sort of Bergsonian, believing that all living things, in all their diversity, are products of an *élan vital*, propelling matter through time and space to give it its various forms, and that this living world can be truly known to us, not by reason, which is analytic, but only by intuition, since by this we may come to know the object from within, to identify ourselves with it and grasp its real meaning. It is easy to see the link between a Vitalism of this kind and the belief that it is vulgarly materialistic for a sculptor to concern himself with human flesh and muscle: the concern with appearances would be superficial; the concern with Man would imply an excessively anthropocentric view of the world.

The anti-humanism in Brancusi's Vitalism is more negative than affirmative, manifesting itself mainly by default: even the dehumanisation of the body achieved in the onyx 'Torso of a young girl' (one of the least familiar and most remarkable works illustrated in a welcome and timely little monograph* and also illustrated on this page), in which the lower part of the torso, the waist and the bottom, is isolated and transmuted into what looks in photograph like a sublimely beautiful alabaster vase—this dehumanisation is not an assault on human dignity, or, for that matter, a rejection of human sexuality; it is,

rather, analogous to Cézanne's exhortation to the sitter, 'Soyez une pomme!'

The anti-humanism of Bergsonian sculpture becomes militant in a younger man than Brancusi, Jean Arp. Arp's cosmos is more dynamic than Brancusi's in its implications: it consists, as Brancusi's does, of a few endlessly reiterated obsessive shapes, but these shapes are meant to be looked upon—as Brancusi's are probably not—as recurring universals in a world

of absurdity of it all is what he seeks to emphasise: I am referring to his wonderfully dotty reliefs with titles like 'Egg Board', 'Shirt Front and Fork', 'Mountain Table Anchors Navel', and the murals he did in the late 'twenties for a night-club in Strasbourg. These comic images are clownish in the fullest and finest sense of the word: they make us laugh and they make us see life straighter by making it crooked; they overturn the established order, and as with all true clowning they are funny because they are subversive. When Arp, on the other hand, becomes solemn and starts to tell us not about the absurdity but about the wonder of the resemblances that exist between different things, as he does in his 'Human concretions' and other sculptures in the round, he seems to me to become a sentimental bore obsessed with breasts, a whimsical pompous softie, a sort of Saroyan of sculpture.

If there is something at once simple-minded and pretentious about Arp's sculptures in the round, the works resemble in this respect Arp's ideas about sculpture—and Brancusi's ideas about it too, in so far as they are clear, though Brancusi's work in sculpture could scarcely be described as either simple-minded or pretentious, simply because it is the outcome of a profoundly sophisticated taste, sophisticated from birth. These ideas about sculpture follow logically from a Vitalist attitude to life. If Man is only one more manifestation of the Life Force, then his product, art, is, as Arp says, 'a fruit that grows out of man, like the fruit out of a plant or the child out of its mother'. So art does not exist to interpret nature, to re-make nature, for it exists on equal terms with nature: 'I believe that nature is not in opposition to art'.

This is an extreme form of an attitude avowed by Klee (and probably originating with Novalis), an attitude symbolised by his famous simile of the tree, in which the artist is the trunk, nature the roots, the work of art the crown. It is a simple-minded attitude because it fails to recognise the perennial purpose of figuration—to provide art with a duality, that of being simultaneously very like and very unlike natural appearances, 'a harmony parallel to nature', not an offshoot of nature. It is a pretentious attitude because it presumes that the artist is a creator, a god, and that he has a special insight into nature's workings. This presumption took the weird form in Brancusi's mind of a delusion that the shapes he was making were not shapes that he, Brancusi, was choosing to impose on matter, but shapes that had been lying latent in the stone or wood, as if the shape were the Sleeping Beauty and Brancusi the Prince, or as if the uncarved stone or wood were the fat man in *The Unquiet Grave* and the shape the thin man imprisoned in him.



Torso of a young girl (1922), onyx, by Brancusi

of change, of flux, universals that are something like Jungian archetypes and are manifest, here in a pear, here in a cloud, here in a woman's breast. The insistent implication that human forms could be non-human forms and non-human forms could be human forms is the vehicle of Arp's anti-humanism.

For Arp Man is not the crown and glory of creation, but as simple, lost and transient as a leaf in the wind. Everywhere a kind of romantic irony is disrupting man's bombastic self-satisfaction, reducing him to the humble scale of his surroundings . . . Arp always started by casting every conceivable thing into a vast kind of bag, which is then thoroughly shaken so as to upset all logical order and annihilate the rigid hierarchy of values. He subsequently conjures up a transformed world full of ingenious and paradoxical ties between bodies and ideas, an irrational world where everything is fraternally compatible with everything else.

(I take these admirable words of Mme Giedion-Welcker's, not from her handsome new monograph on Arp†, but from a shorter and better essay published some years ago in *Horizon*.)

As I see it, it is when the 'romantic irony' behind Arp's jumbling-up of accepted values and accepted categories is evident that the consequences have a real poetry—when the

* Constantin Brancusi. By David Lewis. Tiranti. 18s.

† Jean Arp. By Carola Giedion-Welcker. Documentation by Marguerite Hagenbach. Thames and Hudson. £3 3s.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Sir Joshua Reynolds, a Personal Study By Derek Hudson. Bles. 35s.

IT IS WELL THAT the statue of Reynolds—strikingly reproduced here on the dust-wrapper—should stand in the courtyard of Burlington House. Possibly among no other people has one man been so permanently installed as the national artist. Reynolds has been to the studio what his friend Garrick has been to the stage, and that to an even greater degree. He was happy in his talents and in his time. He established both a grand and a realistic manner of portraiture in a grand and forthright age of society, and with all his foreign influences was superbly English. He was the first P.R.A. and probably the greatest of them all, and, as Mr. Hudson aptly says, 'he gave the English painter a place in intellectual society. His successors have not bettered that place, but they have never lost their right to it; they have always been aware of the claim that Reynolds made for them'.

The bland but canny Devonian who gazes out of the self-portraits has perhaps never been so intimately studied as here. Mr. Hudson's volume may be expected to be of permanent value. He has made full use of the older sources, of modern research, and has drawn on interesting unpublished material. At times indeed the information is almost too closely packed, and holds up the story a little. The author tends also to fall for the fashionable mode of sketching in the background of London, the street cries and the smells and what-not, with the inevitable garnish of traitors' heads on Temple Bar. A more systematic account of the state of portraiture in England about 1750 would have been more timely.

Nevertheless Mr. Hudson tells his story well, and what a fine success story it is. Reynolds' talent was recognised early and the family were helpful. He was also lucky in being taken to Italy by Commodore Keppel aboard H.M.S. *Centurion*—the Navy could do that in those liberal days—and to stay there for nearly three years. Later, it was largely the portrait of Keppel striding up a stormy beach that captured London for the youthful artist. In his thirties Reynolds was taking 150 sitters a year with an income of £6,000. (Mr. Hudson is admirably precise about the economics of the story.) Of course he had to employ assistants, and they, as one of them, James Northcote, has recorded, were sternly kept in their place, while the master was now living in Leicester Fields almost next door to Royalty. Reynolds had also an inclination for literature and soon joined Johnson's circle. He always acknowledged 'the Doctor's influence on his mind'. But, as Boswell ruefully noted, 'he did not imbibe Christian piety from Johnson'. Alas, he worked on Sundays! In this respect we should have welcomed some account of the close association with the sceptic Edward Gibbon. The historian was a frequent visitor at Leicester Fields and at Richmond. They were plainly congenial. Gibbon wrote feelingly of his loss after Reynolds' death, and before that had expressed strong sympathy with the P.R.A. over the squabble in the Academy in 1790.

Reynolds had been, almost inevitably, the first P.R.A. although he was not popular with the Court. The genesis of the Royal Academy and its attendant jealousies are fully related. Reynolds served the institution well, and it was sad that in the last days of failing health and sight, his famed serenity of character was ruffled. But all London rallied to his funeral. The streets were closed and the last of the ninety-one coaches had not left Somerset House before the hearse had arrived at St. Paul's. Thus was Reynolds consecrated as the nation's artist.

The book is generously illustrated, and the index and documentation are excellent.

Dali on Modern Art. By Salvador Dali. Vision Press. 40s.

Never—not since the seventeenth century at all events—has there been such an age of recantation as that in which we live. The iron curtains are so looped that men of all sizes can sometimes make their way to what they believe to be freedom. And in whichever direction these fugitives may escape, there are many who must excite not only our pity but our admiration. The refugees of painting are not less respectable than the refugees of politics. It takes no small degree of courage for a painter who has been deeply and passionately in love with the world of external appearances to turn to the cold hard rectitude of geometrical plastics. *Sed revocare gradum* . . . it is harder still to make one's way back from a splendid theory to the exacting disciplines of realism.

There are, however, both in the world of affairs and the world of art, converts of a different kind; those who, before crossing the barriers, make quite sure that there will be a suitable reception committee on the other side. These are well aware not only that there is more rejoicing in Heaven, but that there is much more publicity on earth, for the sinner who repents than for those who, in a humdrum way, remain faithful all the time.

In which category should we place Mr. Salvador Dali? He now declares that modern art is 'antiquated' (from him no word of abuse could be harder) and he bids us look for salvation to Meissonier, to Bouguereau, to Raphael, and of course to himself. His publisher gives us his original text in French, together with an English translation which, though inelegant, faithfully conserves the bombastic tone and pretentious obscurities of the original. But more is to be learnt from the illustrations by the master. It is at least clear that Mr. Dali's art has not suffered from his conversion. His pictures are no worse than before; but, if his entire *oeuvre* be taken into account, one might wonder whether this is possible. Mr. Dali extols the work of Raphael, but in his own he has rather been a humble follower of the Pre-Raphaelites. He has a capacity for rendering minute detail similar, though far inferior, to that of Holman Hunt, while his inventive power is of the kind that made the reputation of the Victorian 'Problem Painter'. With this as his entire equipment he could be a thoroughly successful 'modern artist' (and this is indeed a criticism

of modern art) and by the same means he can caper along beneath the banners of the opposite faction. In the great fashion for coat turning and denunciation that recently swept the United States Mr. Dali turned his jacket with the rest, but it was an innocuous gesture involving neither falsehood nor disloyalty, for in truth he had very little to betray.

The Shaping Spirit. By A. Alvarez. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

Having already found, in Mr. Alvarez' book reviews and occasional critical pieces, evidence of unusual perception allied to a blunt and authoritative style, many readers will undoubtedly open his first book with the liveliest expectations. It is disappointing to have to report, therefore, that it is a thin, and despite one or two good things, an irritating and biased collection. It consists of seven essays devoted to eight British and American poets, with a final chapter on the theme of Art and Isolation. Eliot and Yeats are considered together, Pound, Empson, Auden, Hart Crane, Wallace Stevens, and D. H. Lawrence separately. One's major impression is that Mr. Alvarez has not done enough work and this is particularly noticeable in the case of the American poets, on whom he is most erratic. He seems to have relied almost entirely on what he calls his 'instincts' ('My instincts', he says of Pound, 'tell me he doesn't know what he is talking about').

His instincts have led him to some strange judgements. 'But though Stevens' poetry changed a little it hardly matured' is an odd remark to make of a poet who, between 'The Comedian as the Letter C' and 'Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction', steadily increased in range and depth. We read also that Stevens' language was influenced by Eliot's example, a remark which can only produce blank amazement. Had Mr. Alvarez glanced at the only book on Stevens' poetry yet written (whose title he has unaccountably used for his own collection) he might have discovered dates which would have confirmed deductively a conclusion which for most readers may be reached inductively.

Perhaps, too, if he had adopted a more modest manner the reader might have accepted his highly arbitrary judgements in a kindlier spirit, but he writes as if he imagines he were T. S. Eliot or R. P. Blackmur, substituting for their modest and kindly wisdom an air of knowledgeable deprecation. A man who has only just realised the following has a long way to go as a critic: 'I used to think that one of the troubles with the poetry we have now was that, despite the stress Eliot has laid on the intelligence, no one seemed capable of thinking. I was wrong—not about the inability to think, but in expecting it at all; or at least in expecting thinking to be carried on with something of the precision of the seventeenth century'. The inability, even now, to accept modes of poetry which are alien to Mr. Alvarez' own narrow taste is responsible for what must be the ineptest judgement of Dylan Thomas on record ' . . . the only diffi-

Thomas Telford

L. T. C. ROLT

Book Society Recommendation

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METHUEN



culty, I find, comes from my reluctance to believe that such simple enthusiastic feelings need so many complicated words to express them'. Thomas has two-thirds of a page in the same vein, Empson a chapter to himself.

What is good in Mr. Alvarez' last chapter has already been better said by W. H. Auden in the introduction to the *Faber Book of Modern American Verse*. Of the three poets used to illustrate its theme one, Frost, is ignorantly disposed of and the other two, Richard Eberhart and Robert Lowell, are lauded as 'the most impressive American poets since the generation which "flourished" in the 'twenties'. Has Mr. Alvarez forgotten his own choice of Hart Crane who 'flourished' in the 'thirties? And if one counts Cummings, Ransom, Marianne Moore, Jeffers, and Aiken as being 'of the 'twenties', what about Allen Tate, Louise Bogan, Robert Penn Warren, Elizabeth Bishop, Karl Shapiro or Randall Jarrell, any of whom has as much claim as the overrated Eberhart?—or Richard Wilbur who seems to have passed Lowell?

Mr. Alvarez is better on Empson, sums up Eliot and Yeats briskly, and has some interesting (if not new) things to say about Lawrence. The farther he gets from what he understands and appreciates, however, the more glib, sweeping and patronising his judgements become. It is a pity that this book, which appears under an imprimatur which has honourably introduced so much responsible critical writing, should be launched as 'a distinguished work of criticism, full of intellectual vigour and sober judgement'. It is a dashing but ill-judged skirmish with a vast subject by a bright but opinionated young man.

The Sociology of Knowledge

By W. Stark.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 36s.

The sociology of knowledge is concerned with the relation between thought and social life. Its problems can be viewed schematically in two ways: as being similar to those of the history of ideas, or as being at bottom epistemological problems. The major contributors to the subject have taken the second view, and it is with their work that Dr. Stark deals.

In the first part of his book Dr. Stark provides an admirable survey, illustrated with a wealth of detail, of the principal contributions. But his intention is more than historical; it is to reformulate, and later to offer a solution of, the difficulties raised by conceding the social determination of thought. He first distinguishes between the theory of ideology (Marx, Mannheim, Pareto, and others) which he thinks has received too much attention, and the sociology of knowledge. The theory of ideology deals with thought which is distorted by selfish interest, and it has thus been largely preoccupied with political doctrines. The sociology of knowledge, on the other hand, deals with thought which is not distorted but which fits in with the pattern of human relations of a particular society. This distinction rests on an assumption which is not made entirely clear. Dr. Stark criticises Mannheim for having regarded the world too exclusively as an arena of struggling social and political forces; consequently, as generating ideologies. But he himself assumes too readily that societies are harmonious systems, and that each society in each historical epoch has a single ethos which determines thought.

This notion derives from German historicism, and Dr. Stark acknowledges his particular debt to Rickert and Weber. No one can observe the social world as a whole, but only aspects of it. The aspect observed, or the perspective of the observer, is culturally determined, but, following Max Weber, it can be argued that once the object of study has been selected and defined (arbitrarily), research is objective and explanation universally valid. This is a half-hearted relativism. In the later part of his book Dr. Stark attempts to rehabilitate absolute truth. He suggests that the different perspectives of all societies in all periods, including future periods, may be combined to give the whole truth. Mannheim once proposed a similar solution. Dr. Stark is wise enough not to make this synthesis dependent upon the social situation of intellectuals, but he seems to impose it as a duty upon the sociologist of knowledge, whose 'ideal end' is to catch a glimpse of the eternal verities. But how can the sociologist do this when his own thought is socially determined? And how, if we say instead that the final synthesis will only be revealed at the end of history, will anyone ever know that it is the end of history, unless there is really a day of judgement?

Dr. Stark succeeds no better than earlier writers in founding a theory of knowledge upon the sociology of knowledge. But his contribution is erudite and stimulating, and it will be an indispensable guide to this branch of sociology.

The Planet Earth

Edited by D. R. Bates.

Pergamon Press. 35s.

Professor Bates has edited seventeen contributions by authorities on features of the Earth which are being investigated in the great co-operative venture of the International Geophysical Year. Professor Chapman, who is the chairman of the international scientific committee which has worked out the programme of research, explains the aims of the enterprise.

The special topics include the history of the earth, the structure of its crust and interior, the properties of the oceans and the explanation of their movements, the composition of the lower and upper atmosphere and associated phenomena such as aurorae and meteors, the history and explanation of climate, weather-forecasting, the causes of ice ages, cosmic rays, and the magnetic properties of the earth.

Some of the articles contain informed speculations of wide interest. Professor Kuiper thinks there is a real danger that the mountains will ultimately be worn away and the whole earth covered by the oceans. He suggests that in places the waters would not be very deep, and the surviving inhabitants might be able to avoid being overwhelmed 'by methods which are not unfamiliar to the Dutch'. As an American astronomer of Dutch descent, his opinion does him credit.

Professor Haldane suggests that life might have come into existence as a single 'improbable' event, or by the union of the products of several such events. If the nature of the process were known, it might be possible to determine the probability that it would occur on a given planet within, say, the next 100 million years. There seems good reason to suppose that there are plenty of stars in the Milky Way with planets where life might exist or come into existence.

Most of the contributors are more concerned

with expounding current knowledge. Dr. E. T. Eady discusses the general circulation of the atmosphere and the oceans, and their effects on each other. The contributions taken together help the reader to conceive the earth as a single working engine. Ultimately, it should be possible to describe the broad characteristics of global phenomena by mathematical equations, from which the main features of the earth in the future can be calculated. The essays contain substantial information which should be available in every library. The book is very suitable for scientists outside their own speciality.

Shakespeare: A Portrait Restored

By Clara Longworth de Chambrun.

Hollis and Carter. 35s.

The Countess de Chambrun's book, an English translation by the author of her *Shakespeare Retrouvé* (1947), is principally devoted to collecting all the available evidence for Shakespeare's recusant affiliations. These, as she has no difficulty in showing, were many, for they included not only the members of his family, but his more intimate friends as well. Though Richard Davies' statement 'He dyed a papist' aroused great indignation in such writers as Sir Sidney Lee, to the majority of people who enjoy Shakespeare today it cannot greatly matter whether he was Catholic or Protestant in sympathy. All one can say for certain is that he loathed cruelty and persecution, from whatever source they emanated.

Starting from Davies' statement, which, as Chambers remarks, should by no means be dismissed as idle gossip, Mme de Chambrun proceeds to build up a formidable and well-documented case by a close analysis of the records of recusant persecution in Warwickshire, remorselessly directed by Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote. It was Lucy who arrested Shakespeare's cousin Edward Arden, hanged, drawn and quartered at Smithfield in 1583; at the same time Lucy arrested John Sommerville, Shakespeare's uncle, who went out of his mind in the Tower and was quietly strangled. These arrests were followed by interrogations and a house-to-house search in Stratford itself. The increase of persecution at Stratford, it is shown, coincides with the disastrous decline in the Shakespeare fortunes—for which no adequate explanation has ever been offered before—till John Shakespeare, one of the town's most considerable citizens, late mayor and prosperous glove-maker, was almost afraid to leave his house for fear of being arrested for debt. Meanwhile Lucy was given a free hand and steadily enriched himself with the property of dispossessed Catholics.

Just before Shakespeare left Stratford in or about 1585 (after the birth of his twins, which may, of course, have made the already congested house in Henley Street still more difficult for him), Lucy dispossessed Sir Francis Englefield of Fulbrook woods, the traditional hunting-ground of the Stratfordians. It was in these woods, suggests Mme de Chambrun, that Shakespeare continued to hunt, in despite of Lucy, his love of hunting at war with his tender regard for the hunted creature. Thus the old story of poaching and the 'very bitter ballad' that the poet is traditionally supposed to have affixed to the gates of Charlecote before flying from the district, receives new life. Throughout her book Mme de Chambrun is at pains to rehabilitate the

old traditions, for she believes that all that is essential for us to know of Shakespeare is contained in them and in the record of his friend-

ships. Keeping as close as possible to contemporary records, the weight of evidence she brings to the support of her case is impressive, while

the ardour and enthusiasm with which her long book of over 400 pages is written make it very attractive.

New Novels

Flash and Filigree. By Terry Southern. Deutsch. 12s. 6d.

The Malefactor. By Humphrey Slater. Wingate. 12s. 6d.

Future to Let. By Jerzy Peterkiewicz. Heinemann. 15s.

The Dream of the Red Chamber. Translated by Dr. Franz Kuhn. Routledge. 50s.

ALMOST all funny books are not. Their writers fall headlong into the two great anti-risibles: they laugh at their own jokes—and then they explain them. Imagine my surprise then—almost, my alarm—after some eight months' stint of reviewing novels for this learned journal, to hear the unfamiliar creak of long-disused muscles about either side of the jaw. I continued to study Mr. Terry Southern's *Flash and Filigree* with an ever deepening consternation and attention. In the first place I could not in the least make out (thank goodness!) where the whole bizarre gallimaufry was going. The book begins, for instance, with a scene in the Californian consulting-room of Dr. Frederick Eichner, 'world's foremost dermatologist'. A young man enters—'perhaps a handsome man, in an anaemic and quasi-aristocratic way'. He tells the doctor an immensely long, detailed, and precise history of a pimple. The doctor listens in broody silence. He picks up an onyx paperweight, wraps his handkerchief around it, and with firm efficiency brains his patient.

He sat down, took a sheet of memo-paper and his pen.

You are lying, he wrote. You are a psychopathic liar. If you ever come back here I will turn you over to the police. I warn you: stay away, and leave me alone; or you will find yourself in very serious trouble.

And the doctor leaps into his French sports-car and is almost at once involved in a tremendous accident at the speed of 127 miles an hour.

And so it goes. Sometimes we are with the doctor; sometimes we are in the nurses' changing-room where they are more or less busy entertaining improper feelings towards one another and fainting at the sight of blood. The reader may ask himself, conditioned as he is by merely pseudo-comic literature, whether Dr. Eichner is hero or villain. He is ruthless, but are we to consider him admirably ruthless? A silly question obviously: but it is only a very rare bird like Mr. Southern who is tough enough to refuse to answer it. The answer is, simply, that the doctor is a superb comic creation, and that he is 'world's foremost dermatologist'. And Mr. Southern is darned if he'll let us any further into the matter.

This is a particularly difficult book to review (and again I might, tensing perhaps flabby muscles, say 'Thank goodness!'); because it is startlingly original, and because it quite simply doesn't conform. The easy terms just do not lie to hand. I am unable to record, for instance, that 'there is a superb comic butler', or that 'the frivolous golf-widow is particularly well done'. The one-word epithets for these Southern characters have not been invented yet. There is a superb Dr. Eichner. We have to leave it at that.

Flash and Filigree is unclassifiable. Perhaps even better, it is totally unpredictable. Mr. Southern, bless him, is quite irresponsible, whether with regard to the ethics of behaviour or to the ethics of plot. One visualises him typing away somewhere where it is very hot, at times maniacally, more often lazily with occasional interjections of 'Aw, to hell!' as another character or incident is temporarily dumped. The writing, never undistinguished, is sometimes practically impenetrable: when, on the other hand, the comic muse—or is it mule?—has the bit firmly between her teeth, the results are wonderfully memorable. The television quiz-show, 'What's My Disease?', is the most scarifyingly ironic thing I have read for years.

Banding of names is always tiresome: it is a useful sort of shorthand nonetheless. Let me conclude then by saying that Mr. Southern, on the strength of this ridiculously successful first novel, seems all set as the American Firbank. It is a contradiction in terms, of course. In one aspect Firbank is, precisely, Europe: Europe in decay, well-hung and tasty as a fat grouse. But imagine a Firbank without the European experience; for whom folly is to be found in Beverly Hills rather than in south-west London or the Grand Canal: and you will be somewhere near it. Buy *Flash and Filigree* and be nearer still!

Back to the more relaxing territory of stock epithets. In the case of Mr. Humphrey Slater's *The Malefactor* I do not even have to search for a cliché with which to describe the hero; for the author has thoughtfully, upon the blurb, provided it himself. He describes this as an 'Admirable Crichton story'. Somewhere near Louvain, during the German advance that leads to Dunkirk, Private Albert Hoylake is observed, through the chance-trained field-glasses of his commanding officer, turning his machine-gun upon his own sergeant-major. Charged with murder, he is committed to the charge of a sergeant and two corporals of the field security police for escort back to England. The big retreat begins; and Hoylake and his guards are caught up in it. One can guess the rest—no unpredictability here: Hoylake, whose intelligence is as sharp and nimble as a ferret, soon takes over. By the time they reach Dunkirk he is company-sergeant-major of a scratch battalion, with his former guards rushing hither and thither to obey his orders.

Not a strikingly original tale, therefore, but—at a not too exacting level—Mr. Slater has made an excellent job of it. The writing is beautifully clear, the suspense is as suspense should be. The morality is rule-of-thumb, but that is better than rule-of-thunder. *The Malefactor* would make an absolutely first-rate film; and that is far from being a reason to think the worse of it. Provided, of course (and I am not quite easy

on this point), that this wasn't just precisely what Mr. Slater had in his mind from the very beginning.

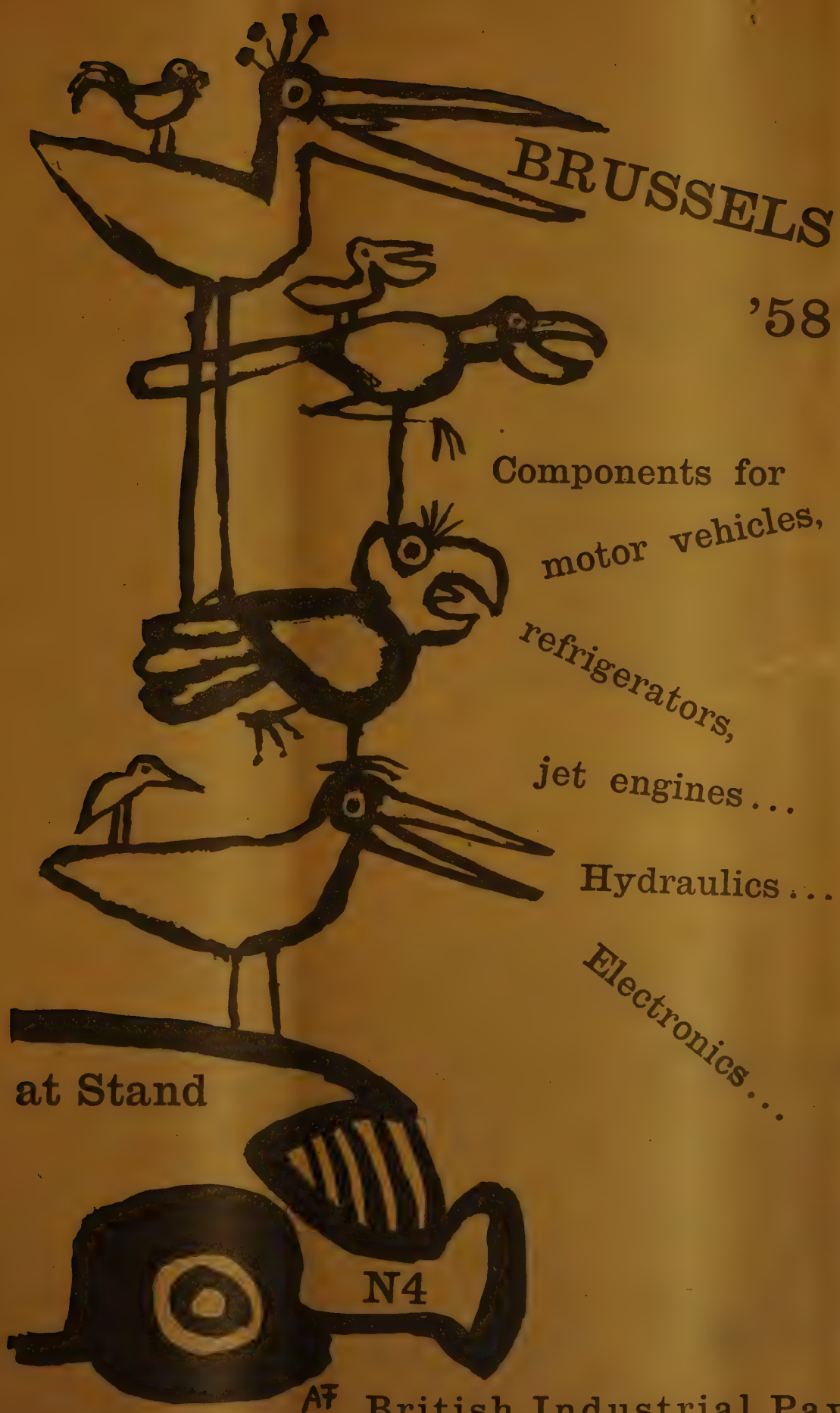
Mr. Peterkiewicz's *Future to Let* is a thoroughly Polish novel; indeed the hero is effectively the only English person in it. Normally resident in Spain, he is left a house in Earl's Court by his uncle; returning to England to claim this patrimony, or unclimony, he is alarmed to find that the house is all right but that a Polish lady, of some beauty but of little grammar, is inexplicably installed in the basement. . . . Mr. Peterkiewicz is an unusual writer. The language he writes in is, of course, not his own and, although it is so nearly perfect as to make it difficult to lay an analytical finger upon this particular phrase or that, there is a very slight out-of-focusness about it which lends it a certain fuzzy charm. But his *weltanschauung* too seems to share this delicate haze: none of his characters, none of his happenings, ever appears to be wholly flesh-and-blood. His books in a sense read as the productions of a very wise and grown-up child: but like a child, after long passages at which we merely nod in an indulgently parental way, he can suddenly produce gentle, but nonetheless wholly genuine, surprises.

The Dream of the Red Chamber has long been the dragon at the gate of Chinese translators. First printed in 1791, it is reckoned in its own land the classic realistic novel *par excellence*; but it is immensely long and its translation, fraught with technical terms of Ching society and philosophy, has presented formidable difficulties to the Western translator. Indeed, until Dr. Franz Kuhn made his version, no real attempt had ever been made, the longest previous version having covered less than half the material. The present English edition is translated from Dr. Kuhn's German.

A book of some 600 pages—and, for all I know, 600 characters—can hardly be summarised in a couple of sentences. In essence it is a family chronicle, but of a noble family in decline: the original vigour is exhausted, the younger generation is effete and over-indulged and neurotic. But in any case the reader will take the word of half-a-dozen generations of Chinese for it, not mine, that this is one of the world's fictional masterpieces. I will only reflect curiously on the fact that the realistic novel should have been invented at approximately the same date in civilisations apparently so culturally independent as the Chinese and the European; and wish that the translator, in his preface, might have enlightened us a little on this phenomenon.

HILARY CORKE

This is the last of Mr. Corke's articles. Miss Lettice Cooper will take over from him on May 8



WILMOT BREEDEN

At British Industrial Pavilion

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY

All Taped?

UNHAPPILY NONE of our great benefactor boffins has yet invented Etcetera. Now is the time of year when one would be switching her on, now that the angries are rolling up their cashmere jerseys in moth balls and the slickies are rolling down the hoods of their convertibles, and the *homme moyen televisuel* is cleaning the rust off the watering-can and returning to the deck-chair with—*pace* the prudes—the latest James Bond novel. Dear Etcetera, how you are going to revolutionise the lives of a small underprivileged few whom harsh necessity still keeps from their place in the sun!

I should perhaps explain what she does. Etcetera—or Etc as she will be affectionately known—is the first Electronic Television Critic, supplied with a six months' warranty of infallibility and a boredom threshold that is reached only after the thousandth programme in any regular series. In the meantime, there is Vera who arrived on the scene in both the News and 'Panorama' this week, and we must, while the long detention continues, be grateful for her. Fortunately it is no longer necessary to explain what Vera does, as that has been explained several times already. She gets everything you see and hear on the screen taped for reproduction within a matter of minutes. I had a mildly curious experience during the demonstrations; when Richard Dimbleby and the news-reader came on for the second time through Vera I could have sworn they were behaving slightly differently from the first time a few moments ago. I am sure that Vera does not lie, but they did not seem quite the same.

Professor Alexander Kennedy would be the man to explain that one, just as he explained many of the mind's quirks and hazards in a session on 'The Brain and Moral Responsibility'



Scene from Peter Zadek's film, 'Simon', an excerpt from which was shown in 'Monitor' on April 13

in 'Asian Club', which made a welcome return to the air last Friday. An ex-boxing specialist as well as an academic lecturer, he took with formidable resilience the heavy punishment meted out to him by his charming questioners from Viet-Nam, Pakistan, India, Japan, and he was particularly interesting on the subject of punch-drunkness (a sore point of mine) which only



'Asian Club' on April 18, with Professor Alexander Kennedy as guest speaker and Nandini Iyer in the chair

afflicts professionals and does result in a general slowing-up of responses outside the ring, too. Miss Nandini Iyer was the coolest and most collected of referees, and it is no sneer at the speaker to say that a large part of the pleasure one takes in this series lies in the eye rather than the mind.

There are two ways you can popularise history on television. One is to put Alan Taylor under a spotlight and let him talk for twenty minutes, the other is to take some crucial incident in the past and re-create it with the aid of actors as if it were a piece of current news. 'You Are There' is at present attempting this, and on April 16 took the Zimmermann telegram as the turning-point in the first world war that made America's entry into that war inevitable.

As in those commercials where 'ordinary people' are stopped and asked for their sincere opinion about a certain salts or detergent, an air of the incredible hangs over this convention, but even so, and as alas in the commercials, I found myself swallowing quite a lot of it. The impact of the telegram on American public opinion, the doubts of the isolationist senator La Follette, and the work of the British Admiral Hall who intercepted it and broke its code were brought out in some cleverly scripted scenes by Jack Bennett. But, with all its linking-up of news editors and actors and its subtleties of production, I cannot help feeling that one would have both enjoyed more and learnt more from just hearing Alan Taylor talk about the Zimmermann telegram for the same amount of time.

Mr. Brian Rootes appeared recently on 'Tonight' to comment on the success which British cars are having in America and answer the fears of a sceptic about the comfort to be drawn from the news, and opportunely enough we saw later this week 'Auto Biography', the story of the automobile in America, made by the Columbia Broadcasting System and spoken by the indefatigable Walter Cronkite. It enshrined very thoroughly with a rich embellishment from the silent films this ever-accelerating American myth.

Our own producers tend to fight shy of programmes involving such wide spans of time and achievement, but they are beginning to tackle difficult topics like the arts most adventurously, as we saw in the latest number of 'Monitor'. There wasn't a single dud item, from one on the unbiased approach to documentary film-making, with extracts from two notable films about Piccadilly Circus and the way children play together, to John Berger's impressive analysis of three famous portraits, an interview with Yehudi Menuhin, shot in part from the air, in which the musician seemed almost over-articulate, and perhaps best of all a sight of Dr. George Thalben-Ball's persuasive coaxing of the members of the Temple Church Choir. If only Huw Wheldon would refrain from talking to us as if we were all aged fourteen,

'Monitor' would be remarkable for an astounding absence of condescension.

There was no trace of nervousness in Mr. Heathcoat Amory's budget interview; the thumb-twiddling one took to be habitual. The questioning on succeeding nights of Mr. Amory and Mr. Wilson, an example for foreigners of indoor democracy, were followed on Sunday by a particularly good discussion of the budget in 'Free Speech' in which ATV had managed to secure the services of Mr. Peter Thorneycroft.

ANTHONY CURTIS

DRAMA

Alien Corn

IF 'THE LAND OF PROMISE' had been presented anonymously on Sunday night, who would have put Somerset Maugham's name to it? This play was 'news' in 1914 because Godfrey Tearle as the Canadian prairie farmer gave Irene Vanbrugh, playing his troublesome English wife, a bit of a rough house at a time when manners were better and stage-violence less common. It also provided a comedian's gag with its repetition of the line, 'Women are scarce in Manitoba'.

It returns as a period piece with a salute to Dominion-building pioneers and heroes of the ploughshare. We start in a genteel England where old ladies hired young companions for £30 a year and their keep. Norah Marsh flies from that prim poverty to her brother in Canada, quarrels with his wife, and marries another farmer, roughing it in Manitoba. She has brought her primness with her and is at first seen to be very ill-suited and unadaptable

to the part of a prairie hen with a shack for nest. How Mrs. Marsh is taught to love her man and settle down amid the alien corn is the matter of a story which a lesser hand might have written. Hal Burton's production and the leading players gave it all it was worth; how much it was worth probably depended on the age of the viewer. The elderly could probably take its simplicity the better.

Cecil Linder, who came from Canada to play the husky husband, is not a husky type so that he was in the awkward position of having to behave like a prairie Petruchio while looking like Hamlet in riding-breeches. This handicap he overcame with a beautifully judged performance. He has a good actor's face, quickly expressive of a changing mood, and he gave point to lines which were no great help to him. Adrienne Corri played the innocent and irritating Norah with great ability and William Squire was a useful brother in the agricultural scene where the nuisance was scarcity of women and plethora of weeds.

In 'As Far as the Flagstaff' (April 17) Denis Constanduros offered a view of the English sea-side where health may accumulate for the young while elderly men decay. These gentry

ous Prince Charming. He philandered and he faded away. Mr. Taylor seemed likely to fade away, too, for it was strongly 'plunged' that he had internal pains. It was the author's surprise that the 'old geyser' lived on presumably to spout for years. The daughter could bless that walk to the Flagstaff. It did get him off the premises.

There was a desolating plausibility about this picture of Beach View and of the existence that abides in a hundred of our Shrimptons. It could hardly please those who want vivacity instead of veracity from their screen. It was faithfully performed by Newton Blick as the selfish, complacent, garrulous Taylor; and the endurance of the daughter were given full poignance by the



'As Far as the Flagstaff' on April 17, with Margaret Gordon as Christine Taylor, Newton Blick as Mr. Taylor, and John Dearth (sitting) as Anthony Morrison



Scene from Somerset Maugham's 'Land of Promise' on April 20, with (left to right) Adrienne Corri as Norah Marsh, Mary Laura Wood as Gertrude Marsh, John Saunders as Reginald Hornby, Cecil Linder as Frank Taylor, and William Squire as Edward Marsh

acted acting of Margaret Gordon, a truthful and touching performance. R. D. Smith directed carefully and John Dearth was excellently bogus as the young man about the house.

I was left with the vision of Mr. Blick's Mr. Taylor pacing year after year to the Flagstaff until at last the banner was at half-mast for his demise and I could only hope that the daughter had left him long ago, having found a better mate than her actor-author. This piece, austere removed from the routine, was a brave choice for television since many, of whom I am not one, must regard a play about dullness as necessarily damned.

The amiable and adroitly conjuring David Nixon was given the severe test of conducting an hour-long show

on Saturday and, having recruited good allies, he came through it well. Instead of producing rabbits from his 'topper' he put that receptacle on his head to sing and danced like a dude. Incidentally, the Television Toppers can now match the Tiller troupes at their own game. At one time conjurors only made people vanish by first putting them in boxes: now clever camera tricks make them come and go without previous incarceration, Nixon's final effort, with vanishing, dismembered, and reappearing Treasury notes, was brilliant.

I was sorry to find Iain MacCormick's 'The Money Man' and that simpleton's less simple associates so lengthily involved with a persistent Swiss detective. This kind of serial needs plenty of motion. It would, one knows, be too expensive to have filmed the little man's early adventures with his skis; it would have asked much of the actor too. But it is tantalising to be amid the mountain scenery and the snows of sport and see almost nothing but bars and bedrooms. However, we are now moving on to another murder mystery. Death is taking no holiday in those parts.

IVOR BROWN

in retirement have their 'local', their club, and their daily stroll to the Flagstaff: if the play's Mr. Taylor is typical, they bore each other to the limit. This does not mean that the piece provided a tedious hour but merely that Mr. Taylor was a fountain of chatty *dichés*. No doubt the Shrimpton Esplanade is full of such codgers ambling amid their anecdoteage from one bottle of beer to another and from one reminiscence of life out East to the next game of cards.

Mr. Taylor was a widower with a daughter, as it were the pantomime's Old Hard-up with his Cinderella. She kept the villa going: she gave her dad good service, including an ear to his conversation, a considerable gift. The father offered lodging to a small-part actor in the local 'rep.' He had looks, he pretended to be an author, he could, to a lonely woman, seem to be an impecunious



David Nixon with the Television Toppers in sixty minutes of 'Saturday Magic' on April 19

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Suicide and Sympathy

LATTER-DAY VICTIMS of the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to make a quietus not with bare bodkin but blunt bullet. All's one for that, you might say. But if both last week's substantial plays on the air ended love's lost labour with a short sharp shot, the coincidence pointed a contrast. Chekhov's unheroic hero ('you fancy that in me you have discovered a second Hamlet. But in my own eyes, my morbid state of mind is only ridiculous') remains a man of sensibility whose cowardly conduct is compassionate. Cocteau's characters, not least the woman who seems at first to be the only semi-civilised person around, sting like a sack of scalded scorpions, and one is merely glad when they are gone. It is alarming to reflect



THE UPSHOT OF OFFSPRING

by PODALIRIUS

It is odd how little has been written about the effect of children on parents. One can get lost in the libraries that have been published to show how a rough word from father can warp an infant's happiness, but one will seldom find a sentence about the other side of the picture. This is even odder because the effect of children on parents is physical, immediate and easy to demonstrate; while the effect of parents on children takes place in the shadowy regions of the subconscious, and emerges years afterwards in a way that seems to the lay mind curiously improbable; perhaps, one says to oneself, it is only coincidence that many of the women who recently took so irrationally to the sack were born at the time of the "Baldwin must go" movement.

But nothing is less open to doubt than the physical changes that progeny cause in parents. Hearing, for instance, becomes highly selective. Few tricks in Nature's repertoire are more astonishing than the way in which mothers can knit unmaddened in a roomful of ululation and yet, if their children are out of sight, cock an ear at a wail from half a mile away and say, "Is that one of ours?" as though it were war-time.

Of course not all is pure loss. Few parents will regret having acquired the varied mental and physical skills needed to pack a trunk according to the requirements of a prep-school matron. They may not ever need them again, but at least they are something to be proud of. And the ability to tell the same story over and over again without varying a word from the accepted text may one day come in useful in a witness box.

But by and large most children are not good for most parents. In early years the mothers bear the brunt, and then the fathers take over; their lot is ulcers, grey hairs, and the belief that nothing is unbreakable. In Cambridge lies buried one Wm. Rogers who died, according to his tombstone, in 1697 "aged 47 years and one daughter." When one thinks of the innumerable undergraduates who have bicycled past his resting-place to spend their lectures thinking up new claims upon their fathers' hard-taxed incomes, it seems as good a way as any of computing the age of parents.

* * * *

Taking all into account, Podalirius, our parents seem to have survived parenthood pretty well. No doubt we shall too. Child psychology apart, we have much on our side. We can, for instance, make sure that nutritionally we are equipped to withstand the rigours (both physical and mental) of our parenthood. True, our food today often lacks vital nutriment, but such deficiencies are easily corrected. How? Simply by sprinkling a little Bemax on our food each day. For Bemax is stabilized wheat germ—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man.

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that this may be a distinctive difference between the relatively refined way people behaved badly at the turn of the century and how they do it now.

There are several successive versions of 'Ivanov' and it is not clear how Chekhov finally meant his eponymous irresolute to be taken. The author's first intention was 'to expose and put an end to the type of "whining hero" of the popular Russian novel and play, the man who had "no iron in his blood"'. But in this earliest version Ivanov collapses and implausibly perishes on the spot from mere self-disgust. The later Ivanov, who shoots himself rather than let Sasha throw her young life away on him, is at least less contemptible.

Sir John Gielgud—witness his imperishable Angelo—has a genius for making despicable characters sympathetic. Despite a perfect portrayal of the unwanted and dying Jewish wife, he transfigured a play that has been regarded as 'in every respect a failure'. Irene Worth, letting a Jewish accent become audible for the first time in the emotional crisis of the life-lie scene, purged our hearts by her freedom from self-pity. Indeed this was, all round, by far the finest production by Mary Hope Allen that I have heard. Apart from an unaccountable failure to indicate the time-interval and change of scene between acts until it had happened, the drama achieved an immediacy of experience in which one was simply not conscious of 'the medium'. This was a repeat of a 1954 Home Service performance and all I can say is that it should be revived more often.

We were made to care so much about these people that when the honest but somewhat stupid doctor delivers the fatal insult to Ivanov and Sasha retorts 'you pelted me and all his friends with anonymous letters' we were simply shocked into blank incredulity. But that almost everyone in Cocteau's 'The Typewriter' should be suspected of writing the poison-pen (or tarantula-typed) letters which ferment unseen corruption in a small provincial community seems only natural when you listen to them.

The B.B.C. was astray in saying that "The Typewriter" has not been performed on the stage in this country. Though not exactly hackneyed, this play about another infernal machine had its English *première* in Hackney in 1950 and a professional production at the Watergate Theatre a day or two later. It was unenthusiastically received for reasons contradictory enough to be worth recalling. *The Times* had found it exciting reading and thought the amateur performance must be a blurred carbon copy. *The Observer* had realised when reading it that this play was downright bad and could not blame professional actors for making little of such sad stuff. However, two years ago 'La Machine à écrire' found its way into the repertory of the Comédie Française, with third act alterations to provide a happy ending which was widely criticised. All of which hints at something horribly hybrid about a play which has been described (inadequately, as I think) as one of Cocteau's few realistic ones.

E. J. King Bull, whose translation of 'The Typewriter' was used in the Third Programme last week, describes it as 'a psychological thriller' with the important qualification 'very French'. 'One of the difficulties of translation has been to avoid turning the characters into English types, while making them more easily appreciated by an English audience'—which sounds like dilution without distortion. Cocteau's festering spell can be cast on the air, as it was in his opium programme on the Third last year. It can't be sprayed with Air-wick without evaporating altogether. H. B. Fortum's production did well to sustain and intensify the sensuous waking nightmare and, with Tony Britton's help, got clean away with the tricky radio problem of identical twins. (This play

might almost be called 'The Ego Has Two Heads'). But what a relief when at last that gun went off.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Look and Listen

NETWORK THREE continues to defy its critics. 'Too poor to collect pewter, too lazy to learn German? No motor-car, no garden, no teeth? Very well, then: what about art? "Talking of Pictures": a series of six programmes under the chairmanship of Sir Philip Hendy. That ought to keep you all quiet for a bit'. One critic hit back, though, by asking, without waiting to hear any actual programme, why the series was not being done on television. His argument was that in order to do this series on sound at all the B.B.C. has had to issue a pamphlet, costing all of three shillings, in which the pictures to be discussed are reproduced: on television this would not have been necessary. Wouldn't it? I wonder. Would the flickering and uncontrollable screen really have been as helpful as the colour photograph which you can keep in front of you during the whole programme? I mean no disrespect to the technical miracles of Lime Grove, but I can still imagine wanting to see the picture at some crucial moment of the discussion and seeing instead the back of Sir Philip's head.

In any case, obviously, both pamphlet and discussions are intended to be supplemented, wherever possible, by visits to the paintings themselves. Ideally, one should go before and after the programme. I can imagine nothing more salutary for those who, like myself, tend to be undisciplined about art, than to be given this incentive to go and really look at one picture instead of mooning past hundreds.

By the time this article appears, the first two programmes in the series will have been heard. The second will have given Londoners a much severer test, since the picture under consideration is in Liverpool. It would be interesting for someone who had to rely solely on the pamphlet and the broadcast to compare notes with someone who was able to see the original in the Walker Art Gallery. Incidentally, the critic who complained that the series should have been done on television made no mention whatever of the originals themselves: they were just something that ought to be televised.

The subject of the first discussion was Van Eyck's Arnolfini marriage portrait, in Room XX of the National Gallery. Considering how much it is reduced in size, the reproduction in the pamphlet isn't at all bad, though inevitably some of the detail is lost: the four figures in the mirror, for instance, and the coloured border round it, or the way in which the floorboards and the rug show up on the painting itself with a sharp, light clarity which in the photograph has become blurred. Van Eyck's colours, too, are richer, heavier, darker. But, having visited the picture a few hours before the broadcast, I found the reproduction a perfectly adequate reference. One thing that struck me, by the way, which comes out far more in the original than in the copy, was hardly mentioned in the discussion: the sinister, almost albino appearance of the young man, with his long, shifty, rabbit face. Its effect in the original is extraordinarily powerful and haunting. I was glad to learn that the possibility of his being not Arnolfini but Van Eyck himself may be ruled out.

For the rest, the discussion itself moved along fairly predictable but quite satisfactory lines. For me, Michael Ayrton contributed most, and I am glad that he is to take part in all the programmes. My interim judgement would be that if you take the aim of the series and the concomitant pamphlet to be the general one of

enlarging our interest in painting, then it is going to be a success.

Network Three was also responsible for the week's most unusual piece of pure sound. This was 'Week-End', a piece of sound montage made for the German radio in 1929 by Walther Ruttmann, director of the film 'Berlin' and the subject of a conversation in Tuesday's 'Talking of Films' programme. This was a piece of pioneer *musique concrète*, a powerful and disturbing poem of the Berlin of the UFA-and-Isherwood era, composed in harsh contrasted sounds: electric sounds: electric drills, hymns, jazz, trains, children's voices. The ill-starred director pronounced the final note of the composition: the single spoken word 'Null', resonantly prophetic of the doom which was coming both on himself and on the city he had so eloquently portrayed.

H. A. L. Craig's 'The Frost of Heaven' (Home, Wednesday) was a sort of Platonic documentary, describing the idea of all Antarctic journeys rather than any particular real one. It had its moments of effective bleak horror, and was obviously worth doing and worth hearing; but it was marred by pretentiousness and an over-literary style which tried too hard and placed its emphases too heavily. There were too many remarks like 'Do not cry me accident', or 'You can sleep in the barbiturate of the blizzard'. The 'poetic' leader of the expedition snapping out teeth-gritting orders to his team (comic Irishman, tough Australian) seemed to be derived from 'F6's' Michael Ransome. The mannerisms, both in the writing and the effects, bespoke the influence of the producer, Louis MacNeice, who never could resist a spot of symbolism.

K. W. GRANDSEN

MUSIC

'The Flaming Angel'

WHEN AN IMPORTANT WORK by a composer so famous as Prokofiev fails to get a public performance for some thirty years one may suspect that there is something wrong with it. There is a good deal wrong with 'The Flaming Angel', which received only a concert-performance in Paris the year after the composer's death and did not reach the stage until it was produced at the Venice Festival of 1955. Last week it was heard for the first time in this country in a broadcast from gramophone records.

The libretto, constructed by the composer on a story by Brussow, who seems to have been a Russian counterpart of Huysmans, has as its central character a paranoid girl who has been deserted—one is hardly surprised—by a noble lover whom she believes to be her guardian angel, the titular Angel of Fire. The story is told in the episodic style, one scene following another without much dramatic connection between them, favoured by Russian opera-composers. And, in order to keep it going, the heroine acquires at the outset a devoted, but continually frustrated, admirer, who is in fact an incarnation of the narrator in Brussow's novel. In an atmosphere of magic, witchcraft, necromancy, and conjuring—our old operatic friends, Faust and Mephistopheles, look in for a couple of scenes, and Mephisto puts on 'The Mystery of the Disappearing Potboy'—the opera proceeds with mounting hysteria to its climax when a whole convent of nuns gets out of hand and has to be restrained by force of arms from tearing the Grand Inquisitor in pieces.

Yet it is not the episodic construction, the far-fetched incidentals, nor even the lack of interest aroused by the central character—one may be sorry for a schizophrenic, but one cannot accept her as a tragic character—that has kept 'The Flaming Angel' out of the opera-houses. For,

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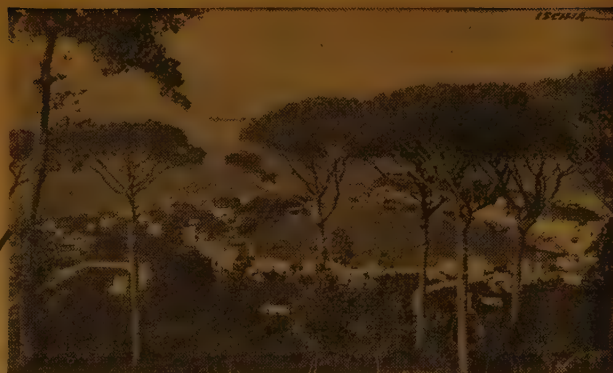
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despite all its obvious faults, the opera is full of effective dramatic strokes that astonished and deeply impressed the audience in the Fenice Theatre. The evocation of the spirits in the first scene of Act II and the orgiastic outbreak in the convent have a genuine *operatic* quality that makes the essays of most of our composers look clumsy and amateurish. The chief handicap of the work is its sheer difficulty and the enormous demands it makes of the singers, particularly the soprano, who is on the stage and at full stretch in every scene but one. Even the small parts, e.g., the irrelevant Agrippa and Mephistopheles, require exceptional voices—a requirement which was not met in the case of Agrippa last week.

The vocal writing, especially for the soprano, is admirable in its command of expansive melody and of telling characteristic phrases. The men, some of whom are delineated in the manner

of Mussorgsky, are apt to drop into short jog-trot phrases, but they are skilfully individualised. The only possible exception is that nice but foolish fellow, Ruprecht, a Golaud without Golaud's tragic character to win our interest and sympathy. Xavier Depraz, singing finely, made what can be made of the part, and Jane Rhodes sustained the mounting hysteria of Renata very effectively. Charles Bruck conducting the Paris Opéra Orchestra obtained a fine performance of the difficult score and did all that can be done to hold the ramshackle structure together. But I doubt if I should have sat out the opera if I had not seen the Venetian production, for it is a succession of *coups de théâtre* and without the theatre its faults are too obvious.

The other chief interest of the week has been a series of Sibelius' major works. The Sixth Symphony was included in the London Philharmonic Orchestra's Scandinavian Concert, along

with Nielsen's almost contemporary Fifth, conducted by Thomas Jensen. This was an interesting study in contrasts. The B.B.C. Orchestra, touring the south-western counties under the direction of Rudolf Schwarz, played 'Tapiola', apt harbinger of this Siberian spring, at Exeter and the First Symphony at Truro, thus providing a demonstration of the purgation of all superfluities from fundamentally similar material. And how well the B.B.C. strings now play! The rushing scale-passages in 'Tapiola' were magnificent.

I much enjoyed the programme of old French music for viola da gamba and harpsichord deftly played by Francesca Palmer and George Malcolm. These are the polite and civilised strains to which danced the fancy-dressed ladies and gentlemen in the idylls of Pater and Lancret.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

'Le Vin Herbé'

By IAIN HAMILTON

Frank Martin's 'secular oratorio' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 8.0 p.m. on Monday, April 28

FRANK MARTIN'S international reputation can be said to have been established with 'Le Vin Herbé' which was written in 1942 when he was fifty-two years of age. Martin was born at Geneva in 1890 and composed many works which were performed before the last war but it was only after the end of the war that he emerged as a widely known composer, a position which he has established with many works. These include the oratorio 'Golgotha', the Concerto for seven wind instruments, the Concerto for harpsichord, the popular Petite Symphonie Concertante, and the opera 'The Tempest' which had its *première* at the Vienna Opera two years ago.

Mention is often made of his being influenced by Stravinsky as regards rhythm and by Schönberg as regards serial elements. These observations show as curious an attitude to the work of Stravinsky and Schönberg as they do to the work of Martin himself. Martin follows directly in the French tradition and his most immediate influence is Ravel. So much of the luminous orchestration and the harmonic vocabulary, pervaded by chords of the seventh and especially by minor triads, is more akin to Ravel than to almost any other composer. The restraint in expression is also a particularly marked feature of much of Ravel's work and of Martin's. His use of series is almost wholly melodic, whether as *ostinati* or as actual melodies themselves; Bartók employs a series similarly in the outer movements of the Violin Concerto but that hardly makes it a serial work. Martin's interesting use of rhythm is wholly different from the basically Slavonic elements of Stravinsky's. Martin is in no sense *avant-garde*; he uses accepted means with considerable individuality of style.

He is particularly interested in texture, which is after all one of the salient features of any composer's style. Martin is fascinated by the combination of such layers of sound as piano, harp, harpsichord, and strings, as in the Petite Symphonie Concertante, and some such combination as this appears in almost all his works. His skill in handling these different sounds, and in blending them, is masterly. The matter of form is not always so convincingly handled but in 'Le Vin herbé' the music is used with true Gallic assurance when words are employed.

'Le Vin herbé' is a setting of three chapters of a version of the Tristan legend by Joseph

Bédier. This is a beautifully sensitive and restrained account of ill-starred love, and in this version it takes on something of the quality of that saddest of all love stories, 'Romeo and Juliet'. Martin has divided his work into three parts, comprising respectively six, five, and seven tableaux, and a short prologue and epilogue complete the scheme. The setting is for twelve mixed voices, two each of violins, violas and cellos, double-bass and piano. One senses here an attitude of restraint as compared with the treatment adopted by Wagner.

The Prologue asks us to listen to the tale and is set with the utmost simplicity. The First Part, 'Le Philtre', tells of Isolde's (she is called Iseult in this version) departure and voyage to Cornwall to marry King Mark. Her mother's giving the philtre to Brangane ends with the statement that those who drink it together shall love each other for ever and shall die together. These words are taken up by the chorus and sung, not highly contrapuntally, but homophonically as is the nature of the music as a whole. This taking up of certain important passages of text by the chorus is a means of emphasis used on several occasions during the course of the work.

The story continues with the meeting of Tristan and Isolde on the ship, the mistaken drinking of the philtre, Brangane's discovery of this, and her subsequent remorse. The First Part ends with the consummation of the love of Tristan and Isolde.

The Second Part, 'The Forest of Morois', takes place after Isolde's marriage to Mark and describes how the lovers take refuge in the forest after the discovery of their affair. The King comes upon them asleep but, finding Tristan's sword laid between them, he spares their lives and replaces Tristan's sword with his own. Tristan reflects and remorse strikes him; he decides to return Isolde to Mark. Isolde reflects on what Tristan has sacrificed for her. They return in silence to the King.

The Third Part, 'La Mort', is set in Brittany whence Tristan has gone. The lovers are as if dead without each other. Tristan, thinking that Isolde has forgotten him, marries the other Isolde (who does not appear in Wagner's work) and, engaging in a battle on behalf of her father, is mortally wounded. He sends for the true Isolde. The ship bearing her is delayed and finally its white signal indicating that it bears Isolde is falsely reported by the

other Isolde as a black sail. Tristan repeats her name three times and dies. Isolde lands to find everyone mourning Tristan; she dies beside her lover. The Epilogue thus sadly and beautifully addresses '*... tous les amants: Puissent-ils trouver ici consolation contre l'inconstance, contre l'injustice, contre le dépit, contre la peine, contre tous les maux d'amour*'.

The allocation of the various voices to the solo parts is interesting. The second soprano sings Isolde and the second tenor the part of Tristan. These both have very long solos, Isolde in the fourth tableau of Part Three, Tristan in the third tableau of Part Two. At other times they become part of the chorus. Similarly with the first and second alto and bass, and the third soprano and tenor, all of whom have solos. Sometimes these are part of the text, sometimes the actual words of one of the characters. This in yet another way stresses the unsoloistic nature of the work although there is nothing at all reticent about the solos at times and they offer as good chances to the singers as they require good singers to sing them.

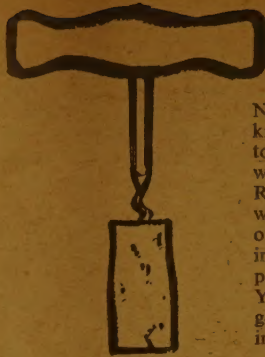
There are several subtle connections between 'Le Vin herbé' and 'Pelléas'. These are evident in the musical language as well as in the actual vocal style, particularly in many of the passages of solo declamation. Debussy's plain parallel chords, with or without the third, often occur. Pedals, plain and ornamented, abound, and there is an abundance of simple but telling figuration in the accompaniments at all times.

In stressing the restraint of the work one does not wish in any way to give the impression that it is pale or etiolated. On the contrary, again like 'Pelléas', it is a passionate piece of its kind and none the worse for its un-Wagnerian reticence. Bédier's version allows us to relate the sad story to our own experience and thus preserves the classical balance between emotional content and style, and Martin's setting in no way disturbs this balance. The work is long; it lasts about an hour and a half, and this is somewhat taxing on the listener when such small resources are employed, as variety and contrast are naturally more limited. However, the selection which Martin has made (he has used only the fourth, ninth, and nineteenth chapters of the novel) is so well contrasted and his divisions of each chapter into tableaux is so varied musically, that one is held throughout by yet another telling of this timeless story.

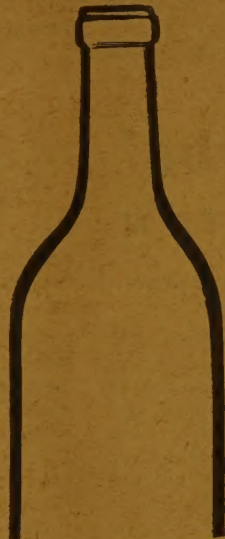
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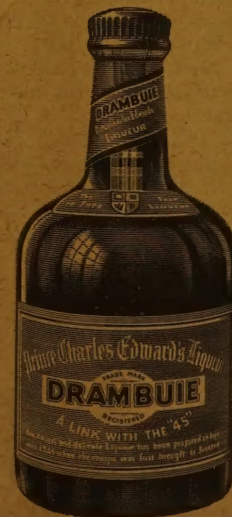
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STARTING A WINE CELLAR? More suggestions on page 712

Starting a Wine Cellar—I

By EDMUND PENNING-ROWSELL

USE the term 'cellar' to describe a collection of wine. Most of us have only a kitchen cupboard or a space under the stairs, but all that is needed when buying wine for future drinking is a good wine merchant. He will gladly keep your wine in excellent condition until it is ready to drink; and if he makes a charge for this it will be nominal. The wine one can keep at home should be laid down on its side—to keep the corks moist and air-resisting. Do not worry too much about correct temperatures; the great thing is to avoid sudden changes of temperature or excesses of heat and cold. And keep the bottles in the dark.

The prices of wine are rising fast now. Only a short time ago a leading Bordeaux chateau proprietor told me he had sold his 1957 crop for double the price of his 1953 one—though the earlier vintage is almost certainly much finer. And already the 1955s, just appearing on wine merchants' lists, are distinctly dearer than earlier vintages were at the beginning.

So if you put aside a little wine you will have the wines you like when they are at their best, and you will save a fair amount of money. And this is a particularly suitable time to start a wine cellar, with the extraordinary run of vintages in the past dozen years. Since 1945 there have been only four poor years in Bordeaux and perhaps five in Burgundy. Nineteen-fifty-six was very poor, and even if the last vintage turns out well it will be exceptionally small in quantity. But it is still just possible to collect all the post-war years, and even to lay hands on the occasional pre-war bottle.

How does one set about it? First, what to buy. On the whole there is not much point in laying down white wines unless you prefer them to red wines. Then it is a good idea to buy up

anything you specially like, particularly the great hocks, leading sauternes, and perhaps the finest white burgundies. The great merit of most white wines, I think, is freshness. That, broadly speaking, means young wines. There is usually a fairly even supply of white wines, such as Graves, and the run-of-the-mill white burgundies and German wines. Those who like the luscious Rheingau and Palatinate hocks should remember there has been no outstanding German wine vintage since 1953, so they should lay in a reserve while they can. But the white wines bought now will be for early drinking rather than long-term keeping.

How should we plan our purchases? Obviously it depends on two things—cash and consumption. As to the money side, I cannot advise, but I like to remind those who think that wine drinking is a rich man's hobby that it may be a good deal less expensive than smoking. As to the rate of consumption, do you drink at home twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred bottles a year? I suggest one should plan for at least five years ahead—longer if you can. I think it is a good idea, too, to establish a 'cellar fund', separate from the money spent on wines for current consumption. Obviously, in the early days you will be spending more than later on, when there is a basic reserve in hand.

The next point is, which vintages? I personally would buy all I possibly could of the post-war years. I have to make some very broad generalisations here, but I would roughly say 1945s for keeping, 1947s and 1949s for relatively earlier drinking—especially in burgundy—and 1952s and 1953s for putting away. And these two years are worth concentrating on, as they are the last cheap vintages for the time being, unless a world slump upsets all the calculations. For

the moment I would leave out the 1955s and snap up the older ones that have by now matured for a few years in bottle. I would certainly buy some of that useful and inexpensive claret vintage—1950; it is quite good drinking now. I would try also to secure some examples of that comparatively neglected claret year, 1948. A point to bear in mind, by the way, is that while burgundy is dearer than claret, it is usually ready for drinking earlier.

—From a talk in *Network Three*

Notes on Contributors

STEPHEN K. BAILEY (page 679): Professor of Government and Public Affairs at Princeton University; author of *Congress Makes the Law*, etc.

HUGH SETON-WATSON (page 681): Professor of Russian History, London University, since 1951; author of *The Pattern of Communist Revolution*, etc.

CARL AMERY (page 682): Bavarian novelist and critic

CHARLES GIBBS-SMITH (page 689): Keeper of Extension Services, Victoria and Albert Museum; author of *A Short History of the Aeroplane*, *A History of Flying*, etc.

REV. DANIEL JENKINS (page 691): Visiting Professor of Theology, Chicago University; Minister at King's Weigh House, London

FREDERICK WILLIS (page 693): author of *London General*, *Jubilee Road*, etc.

EWART GERRISH (page 694): President of the Royal Philatelic Society, London

IAIN HAMILTON (page 713): writer, composer, and pianist; his latest compositions include 'The Bermudas' and 'Serenata'

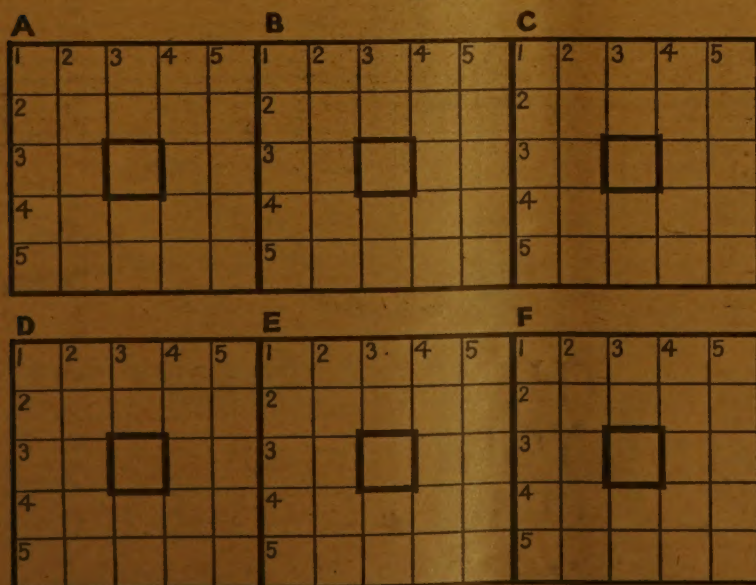
Crossword No. 1,456.

Nesting Birds.

By Peto.

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Closing date: first post on Thursday, May 1. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The puzzle consists of six nests, each a word-square. The first couplet contains six clues in no special order. These clues, of one or more words each, lead to the six lights marked 1 Across. Subsequent couplets work similarly for the remaining lights. In the completed puzzle there will be one bird in each of the nests and a seventh apparent in the central letters of the nests, reading from A to F.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. The genial Turkish horseman gluts the bird on Scottish straw, Then kills it with a billiards stroke and eats the carcass raw.
2. His lips apart, he stalks the snail with nimble measured tread, When from a palm a careless bird drops nuts upon his head.
3. In arctic chilliness he'll crouch with spear and loaded gun; 'You're up the pole', the Walrus chides, 'if you think this is fun!'

4. In his demesne he baits a trap with catkin spikes and pips; The bird takes wing—the statue smiles with mocking marble lips.
5. A coral cup is on the shelf. He looks about—then nips it; With watchful eye, he wades the ford and by the handle dips it.

DOWN

1. 'Ah, fillet of the calf!' he cries, and stuffs the oyster sauce; Then hastens to the bird *rôti*—a Frankish course, of course!
2. He has no use for bird *rôti*, and in a moment turns To catch the scent of kidneys, 'stewed with lizards' feet and ferns.
3. After the joint he'll drain a stiff, unique and potent drink— Ammonia compound laced with dregs of tide and ocean's brink.
4. His chief lament throughout his life is that he cannot trace A good strong smell to cancel out the stink of dye in lace.
5. 'A weird but perfect world', he yawns, then settles down to rest; 'Oh, do shut up!' the bird squawks out, 'you've woken up my nest!'

Solution of No. 1,454

3	7	5	6	5
3	2	3	4	1
6	3	4	2	5
5	1	5	3	4
5	5	2	1	3
5	4	1	5	2

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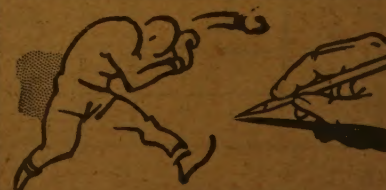
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